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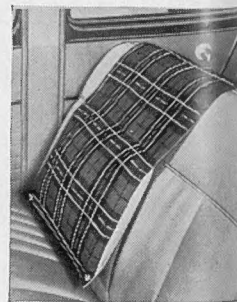
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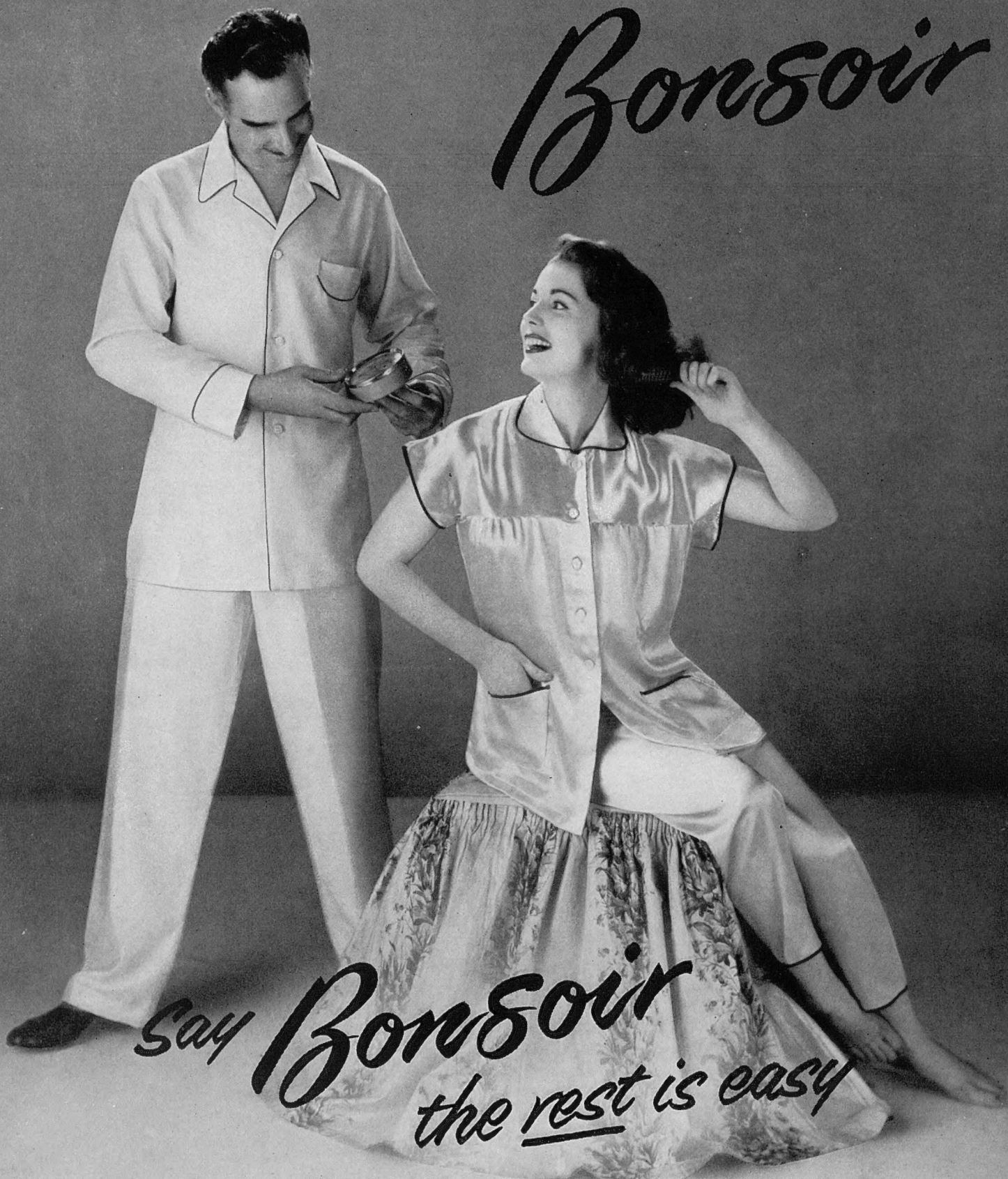
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 18 to July 25

July 18 (Wed.) Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players, at Lord's (three days).

Garden party at The Holme, Regent's Park, for the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children.

First night: *Someone To Talk To* at the Duchess Theatre.

Dances: Mrs. Fairfax-Ross for Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross, 6 Belgrave Square. Mrs. Francis Winham for Miss Francine and Miss Josephine Winham, Claridge's.

The Kangaroo Hop ball in aid of the Cheshire Homes for the Incurably Sick, at the Savoy.

Racing at Newmarket (and July 19).

July 19 (Thur.) Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cocktail party at the Royal Tennis Court, Hampton Court, after match against the American Universities' team.

Dinner: Anglo-Iraqi Society at Claridge's. King Feisal and the Crown Prince of Iraq will be present.

Dances: Mrs. Rupert Carey, Mrs. Christopher (Sammy) Battiscombe, and Mrs. J. M. Fehr for Miss Jennifer Carey, Miss Aurea Battiscombe and Miss Ann Fehr at the Guards Boat Club.

July 20 (Fri.) Cricket: Club Cricket Conference v. Australians at the Oval.

Golf: Slazenger Trophy Match at Princes Golf Club, Sandwich.

Second National Air Races Meeting (King's Cup Race, etc.) at Coventry Civic Aerodrome (to 21st).

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor for Miss Julia Stonor, at Stonor.

Kent Branch, British Red Cross Society, ball at Chilham Castle.

Racing at Ascot Heath (two days).

July 21 (Sat.) Cricket: Middlesex v. Australians at Lord's.

Polo at Cowdray.

Dances: Lady Raglan for her daughter, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, Cefntilla Court, Monmouthshire; Mrs. Ludovic Foster for Miss Elizabeth and Miss Katherine Foster, Greatham Manor, Pulborough; Mrs. Ramsden Jodrell for Miss Anne Mostyn-Owen, Donhead Lodge, Wilts; Mrs. Michael Trethowan for Miss Clarinda Trethowan, in Hampshire; Mrs. John McKean for Miss Fiona and Miss Lorne McKean, in the country.

Racing at Ascot: Queen Elizabeth and King George VI Stakes.

July 22 (Sun.) Polo at Cowdray.

International Dressage Competition, Hanstead House, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

July 23 (Mon.) International Horse Show, White City (six days).

Bernard Shaw Centenary celebrations, Festival Theatre, Malvern.

Dance: Lady Irwin for her daughter, the Hon. Susan Wood.

July 24 (Tues.) The Queen holds an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Garden party for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at Marlborough House.

Dance: Mrs. Arthur Mallet (small dance) for Miss Lynn and Miss Gina Mallet, in London.

July 25 (Wed.) Polo at Cowdray.

Doll Exhibition in aid of Poliomyelitis Research, Exhibition Hall, Selfridges (to August 11).

Racing at Kempton Park.

Houston Rogers
VIOLETTA ELVIN was born Violetta Vasilevna Prokhorova and graduated at the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet School in Moscow. She was engaged as a guest artist with the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1946 and made her first appearance at Covent Garden that year. She had an immediate success and was engaged to dance permanently with the company as a principal soloist; the following year she adopted the name of Violetta Elvin. Since then she has risen to the rank of prima ballerina, danced all the principal roles at Covent Garden, toured extensively and appeared in films. She is soon to go to Italy to be married, and her final appearance took place on June 23 at Covent Garden when she danced Aurora in *Sleeping Beauty*.

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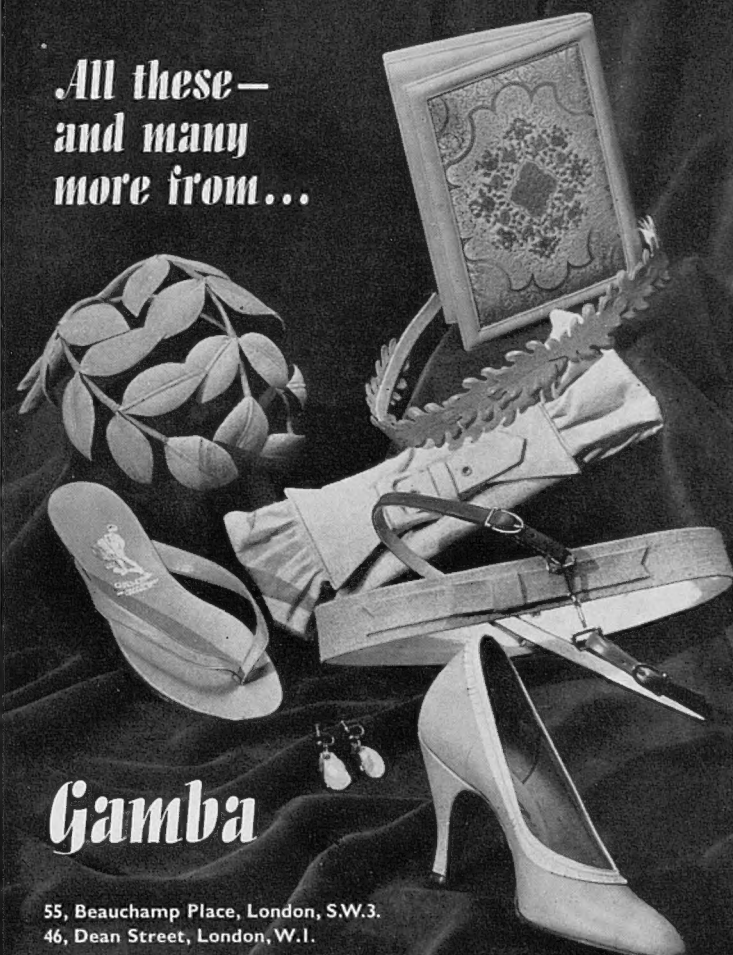


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The Millbourn family at home

SIR ERIC AND LADY MILLBOURN are seen at their home, Conkwell Grange, Limpley Stoke, Bath, with their two children, John and Susan. Sir Eric is Adviser on Shipping in Port to the Ministry of Transport; he received the C.M.G. in 1950 and was

created a knight last year. He is very interested in farming and sailing. Mr. John Millbourn is studying at Trinity College, Oxford, and his sister Susan finished her education in Paris. The family have recently returned from a holiday in Ceylon



The TATLER
and Bystander
July 18, 1956
108

A group of dancers including Lois Denny, Rachel Bather, Jane Cundy, Suzanne Meyer, Veronica Williamson, Gertrude von Heinrich, Jennifer King and Jennifer McConnachie



Former pupils, Miss Christine Lodge, Miss Ann Kesler and Miss Susan Walker

DIAMOND JUBILEE IN THE MALVERN

Mr. Leonard Carver, the owner, and Mrs. Carver with their daughters Angela and La



Gail and Susan Woolley, with their parents Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Woolley, were preparing to have their photograph taken to mark this great occasion

Countess Beauchamp, from Madresfield Court, and Admiral Sir William Tennant



Mr. P. F. Swain, Susan Swain, Mrs. M. F. Bevington and Mrs. Swain



Mrs. H. Welstead, a former pupil, with Col. and Mrs. H. H. K. Rowe

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 18,
1956
109*



Mrs. Durose, Miss Honor Durose, Carol Durose and Mr. W. H. Durose

ST. JAMES'S, West Malvern, the famous girls' school, was honoured by a visit from H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, a former pupil, when it celebrated its diamond jubilee recently. Parents and old girls came in numbers, and were entertained with swimming, dancing and an operetta

Brig. C. G. Maude, Chairman of Governors, Mrs. E. Graham-Wood and her daughter



Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Erwin taking tea on the terrace with their daughter Sharon



Van Hallam

The Duchess of Gloucester arriving with Miss M. Anstruther, Principal of St. James's

TO SHARE AN AUTUMN DANCE

MISS DEIRDRE HEBER PERCY is the younger daughter of Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, of Newnham Hall, Daventry, Northamptonshire. She was presented this season and will share a dance with her cousin, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Premier Earl of England and Ireland. The dance will be held in the autumn at the Earl's seat, Ingestre Hall, Stafford



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND

I RECENTLY visited Edinburgh, leaving London Airport at 8 a.m. in a Viscount on the B.E.A. Chieftain service. This enabled me to be on the lawn of the Palace of Holyroodhouse before 11 a.m., in time to watch the ceremony of the presentation of the new Guidon to the Royal Scots Greys by the Queen, their Colonel-in-Chief. This was indeed a colourful scene beside the grey walls of this historical Palace. Nearly 300 officers and men were lined up facing the Palace with the old Guidon carried by a standard bearer on a grey horse in the centre of the front line when Her Majesty came out of the Palace.

She was wearing a neat little floral cap with a long yellow coat on which was pinned the diamond eagle brooch of the Royal Scots Greys; this had been presented to her the previous day at a private ceremony in Holyrood Palace, and had been subscribed for by officers and men of the regiment and members of the Old Comrades Association. The Queen was escorted from the Palace by Brigadier George Todd, Colonel of the Regiment, and they were

accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh in the uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Horatius Murray, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command.

On arrival at the dais the Queen was given the Royal Salute and then inspected the regiment accompanied by Lt.-Col. Michael Borwick, the commanding officer. After this the old Guidon was marched off parade by S.S.M. Thomson, S.Q.M.S. Gill and S.Q.M.S. Braine, all mounted on grey horses, and the new Guidon—a very beautiful double tailed red silk banner with gold edge and the names of the regiment's battles from Blenheim to Salerno worked on either side—was marched on and placed on the mounted kettle drums. The new Guidon party consisted of R.Q.M.S. Dickson, S.Q.M.S. Lodge, and S.Q.M.S. Gray.

AFTER the consecration service, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Williamson, the Queen presented the new Guidon and addressed the Regiment in a clear, resonant young voice that everyone could hear. In her address Her Majesty referred to the splendid feats of the regiment, and later to the pang of regret that

some of the older members must have felt at the loss of their horses in 1941. But, she went on to say, in six months the Greys were in action in tanks, surely a fine tribute to their adaptability and skill.

LT.-COL. BORWICK replied with a well delivered speech in which he said that never had the regiment been so honoured. In times to come the new Guidon would always remind them of Her Majesty, and would guide their thoughts and actions and rally them to their traditions. He ended by saying they had one duty to perform: to be "second to none" in their service to their Queen, in good times and in bad. The new Guidon was then marched into the Regimental lines to the tune of "Garb of Auld Gaul."

After a Royal salute and three cheers for Her Majesty, the Queen walked across the lawn to inspect the Old Comrades, of whom about two hundred were on parade, and a cadet troop. The ceremony ended with the Queen moving to the saluting base and taking the salute as the regiment marched past.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra were both watching the parade. They had a

special interest as the Duke of Kent, who, I heard from senior officers, is a very keen and efficient subaltern in the regiment, was on parade. Others taking part in it included the second in command, Major H. J. D. Gunn, the adjutant Capt. J. C. Walton, the four guard commanders, Major J. C. Balharrie, Major K. T. W. Baker, Major W. Olphert and Major I. R. Readman, also the Quartermaster Capt. F. J. Dodd, the Regimental Sergeant-Major W.O.1 J. Patterson and the Bandmaster W.O.1 D. W. Turner. All members of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland of the Royal Company of Archers on duty at this ceremony with one exception were former officers of the Royal Scots Greys. They included Capt. The Earl of Haddington, Brig., Col. J. G. Crabbe, Lt.-Col. Evelyn Arthur, Major W. H. Burn Callander, Major David Callander, Earl Haig, Brig. Norman McCorquodale, Lt.-Col. Neil McLean, Major Aidan Sprot, the one serving officer in the Greys, Major "Cuddy" Stirling-Stuart, Lt.-Col. George Trotter, the Marquess of Lansdowne and Brig. A. W. Crawford, who was in charge of the Old Comrades.

In the afternoon the Queen held a presentation party in the Throne Room of the Palace of Holyroodhouse when over five hundred presentations were made. The Queen, who was in a blue silk dress and little petal hat, had the Duke of Edinburgh sitting beside her and nearby were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Among those presented was the Lady Provost, Lady Banks, who was presented last year: since then her husband has been knighted so she was re-presented by her original sponsor the Duchess of Buccleuch.

In the evening Her Majesty, looking radiant and beautiful in a caramel coloured dress across which she wore the dark green ribbon of the Order of the Thistle, with a diamond tiara and necklace and the diamond badge brooch of the Scots Greys, attended the ball given by the Colonel and officers of the Royal Scots Greys at the Assembly Rooms. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, also wearing the green ribbon of the Thistle, the Duchess of Kent, in white lace with a diamond tiara and ear rings, and Princess Alexandra in hyacinth blue organza. This was the most brilliant ball to be held in Scotland for a very long time. The two ballrooms and the sitting-out and supper rooms were beautifully decorated with banks of flowering plants in pots, arranged by the City of Edinburgh's Park Superintendent, Mr. Harrison, while gorgeous vases of flowers had been arranged everywhere by Lady MacMillan and her daughter Judy, who specialize in flower decoration, from their home, Finlayston, Langbank. The supervision of these decorations and the details of many of the other arrangements of the ball had been done by Mrs. George Todd and Mrs. Michael Borwick, who had both worked hard for several days before the event. On the evening Mrs. Todd, wife of the Colonel of the regiment, looked charming in a dress of grey-green silk with a diamond tiara, while Mrs. Borwick, wife of the commanding officer, was most attractive in a light blue faille dress with a fine diamond and ruby tiara.

A LARGE number of the men present wore their scarlet mess jackets, some the picturesque dark green evening dress of the Royal Company of Archers, and others the kilt; in fact, there were very few men wearing the ordinary black tail coat. With these colourful clothes orders and decorations were worn. Outstanding in this respect was Sir Brian Robertson, who was there with his wife. He was wearing no less than four orders and a long row of decorations. His father, the late Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, was a prominent Scots

[Continued overleaf]



Her Majesty the Queen arriving at the Royal Scots Greys ball in Edinburgh. On the right is the Colonel of the regiment, Brig. G. Todd, and behind Her Majesty are the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Earlier the same day the Queen had presented a new Guidon to the regiment



The Countess of Dalkeith arrives at the Assembly Rooms for the ball



Earl Haig accompanied his fiancée, Miss Adrienne Therese Morley



Princess Sapieha, Mr. M. Sanai and Mrs. Peter Myers were guests at the cocktail party



Lady Dudley Gordon, the Countess of Listowel, H.E. the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, and Lord Dudley Gordon



Van Hallan

The Allied Circle's reception to meet the French Ambassador

Lady Harlech, Prince John Sapieha and Mrs. Christine McNeil Robertson

Grey and he has a son and a son-in-law in the regiment.

The ladies added brilliance to the occasion, too, perhaps not with outstandingly lovely dresses, but with breathtakingly beautiful jewels. The majority of these were family pieces, some of them historic heirlooms, going back many generations, which only appear on very great occasions. Outstanding among these jewels were the magnificent tiara and the sunray diamond necklace of the Marchioness of Lothian, who looked charming in white, the high all round tiaras of the Countess of Haddington (wife of a former Greys officer), and the Countess of Mansfield, who was in red.

THE Duchess of Buccleuch, looking lovely in light blue satin, wore a diamond tiara of an exquisite design. She was with the Duke of Buccleuch, a gay figure in the green of the Royal Company of Archers and his magnificent Order of the Thistle. Their daughter-in-law, the Countess of Dalkeith, in candy pink, was among the lovely young marrieds wearing beautiful tiaras. These included the young Viscountess Melgund, who was in white and also wore a delicate diamond necklace, Mrs. James Hanbury, Lady Mary Bailey, Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, and, perhaps the loveliest of all, Mrs. Euan McCorquodale, who was wearing her Hartnell pearl embroidered white satin dress and an exquisite ivy leaf design diamond tiara which belongs to her grandmother, Lady Clive. She had been presented on her marriage at the Palace of Holyroodhouse that afternoon by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Norman McCorquodale. As at the regimental ceremony in the morning, there were many other personalities of the Royal Scots Greys present at the ball besides those I have already mentioned. These included Brig. Roland Findlay and his very pretty wife, the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot and Mrs. Elliot, Viscount Althorpe who was motoring back to his farm in Norfolk directly after the ball, Lt.-Col. James Hanbury, Major Stirling Stuart, Sir William Gordon Cumming, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Ralph Younger, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Piers Plowden, Major Sir Thomas and Lady Dugdale, Brig. and Mrs. Swetenham, Major and Mrs. Tim Lewis, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. W. D. Lewis, and Capt. the Hon. John Warrender.

The Duke of Kent, Mr. Alan Heber-Percy, Mr. Ronald Cunningham-Jardine, Mr. Robin Fleming, Mr. Norman Arthur, Mr. John Mackinnon and Mr. Mark Milburn were among the young subalterns I saw looking after their guests at this memorable ball. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal party danced frequently

during the evening in both the Assembly Room and the Music Hall where a life-size model of a mounted Scots Grey, cleverly made in stiff white paper-board looked very striking against a dark background on the stage.

All the guests were given programmes which included several reels and Scottish country dances besides usual foxtrots and waltzes. Major Aiden Sprot and Capt. Blacklock had been responsible for arranging the reels so efficiently.

OTHERS I saw enjoying this wonderful ball were the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Erroll and Capt. Iain Moncreiffe, all of whom I had seen at the parade in the morning, the Secretary of State for Scotland and Lady Rachel Stuart, the Earl and Countess of Dundee, the Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John and Lady Banks, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery-Kidston, Miss Adrienne Morley with her fiancé Earl Haig, Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart Clark, Lord and Lady Stafford, the latter wearing a famous heirloom pearl necklace and diamond tiara; also her parents Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell over from Aberdeenshire, Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Lt.-Col. William and Lady Joan Cunninghame, Mr. and Mrs. Van Burden, Lord and Lady Ogilvy and Viscount and Viscountess Newport, the latter in a very full green dress.

Pretty young girls there included Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Miss Norina Stewart Clark, Miss Caroline Wilson in pale blue lace, Lady Malvina Murray and Miss Fiona Munro.

* * *

THE Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen are fortunate in having a charming house with a lovely garden in Hampstead. Guests to their big cocktail party each summer always hope for a fine evening so that they can stroll about the arbours. This year H.E., who is a keen horticulturist, was proud of his fine show of roses. Recently he has also taken to growing carnations and the home-grown blooms I saw were something of which to be justly proud. The Ambassador and his tall and attractive wife are a very popular couple in London where he has now represented his country for twelve years.

Among diplomatic friends at the party were the Doyen, M. Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador, with Mme. Prebensen and their daughter Evie, the Russian Ambassador M. Malik who was sitting on a seat on the lawn talking to the Afghan Ambassador, Dr.

Najib-Ullah. I also met the Swedish Ambassador talking to the Philippine Ambassador and his pretty wife, Mme. Guerrero, who had a party at their Embassy the following day, and the Dominican Ambassador and Senora de Thomen.

The Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter were accompanied by their son, who is just about to begin his National Service with the Brigade of Guards. Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, the latter looking very attractive in a blue lace dress, were early arrivals as they had to go on to another party for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

I SAW the Princess of Berar conversing with Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold and nearby were Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Rafaëlle Duches of Leinster, Mrs. Clarence de Sola and her daughter, Mrs. de Pass, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Mrs. de Hart, who told me she had her younger daughter Lady Carden over from Nassau staying with her, Vicomte d'Orthez and Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Anglo-Luxembourg Society, talking to Lady Grantchester, one of the members. Others I met included two charming Canadians, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Beaulieu. He is a Counsellor at a Canada House and his clever and artistic wife is a talented artist and paints under the name of Aubrey Beaulieu.

Also there were Lady Claud Hamilton who is shortly moving into a new home just off St. James's Street, and is going to spend some weeks in the Croix-Valmer district of the South of France this summer, Commandant and Mrs. Cuissart de Grelle of the Belgian Embassy, Count Ahlefeldt, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Graeme Parish, and Miss Rosie Newman, who was also talking of summer holiday plans. She was off quite soon to Yugoslavia and taking her movie camera, so perhaps next winter we may see one of her very interesting films.

Pictures of the party will be found on page 125.

* * *

ON the night before I flew up to Edinburgh I went to the coming-out dance which Lady Hambro and Mrs. T. G. Talbot gave jointly at 6 Belgrave Square for their débutante daughters Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Joanna Talbot. Sally, who is a very pretty girl, had chosen a dress of orchid pink satin and organza for her ball, and Joanna looked very attractive in green. Sir Charles and Lady Hambro gave a dinner party of about thirty, mostly young people, before the dance.

Among young friends I saw dancing happily in the first floor ballroom were Miss Jennifer Anderson, Miss Sheelin Maxwell, Mr. Anthony Butterwick, Miss Patricia Barker, Miss Angela Huth in a very pretty pleated tulle dress, and Miss Elizabeth Musker who had their own coming-out dance in the country, which I heard was great fun, a few nights later. Also the Hon. John Denison-Pender just back from spending nearly a year in Canada and the United States, the Hon. Patrick Pakenham, Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Mr. Mike Coulman, Miss Clare Mount, Miss Gay Lowson, Countess Bunny Esterhazy and many more.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk brought their débutante daughter as did Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield. Other older friends included Mr. Olaf Hambro, Lord and Lady Kindersley, Brig. and Mrs. Derek Schreiber, Lady Dorothea Head, Mr. Kim and Lady Hermione Cobbold, Mr. Tim Egerton, Sir Donald and Lady Anderson and Prince and Princess Weikersheim who gave a dinner party for the dance, but could not bring their own débutante daughter Cecilia as she was only just recovering from an attack of German measles.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER very popular couple in the Diplomatic Corps, the Philippine Ambassador and his wife, gave two very enjoyable parties to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Independence of the Philippines. At the first party in the morning were members of the Diplomatic Corps and members of both Houses of Parliament.

In the evening guests included members of the Philippines Society in London and friends of the Philippines. Mme. Guerrero looked enchanting wearing national dress, which is one of the most becoming for women. It was very high puffed sleeves and always seems to be made in exquisite material. The Ambassador was also in his national costume.

I saw several other of his fellow countrymen and women wearing the dress of their nation.

Among the very large number of guests were Lord and Lady Killearn, the latter in a pale blue ensemble, talking to Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Campneys, whom I had met at the Luxembourg party the previous day, Sir Harold and Lady Hood, that fine pianist Mr. Ivor Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, who are now back in England permanently after spending several years in Buenos Aires where he was engaged in business.

I heard quite a lot of grumbling from women friends during Royal Ascot and have also noticed that colleagues have complained in print over the fact that the heels of their shoes went through the perforation holes of the iron tiers in front of the stands in the Royal Enclosure. Happily I did not suffer, but I was interested to learn that the first three rows of these steps or tiers are the original ones that were there in our grandmothers' day, which all of us have stood on during many Ascots without the loss of a heel or the suspicion of a grumble.

The new additional tiers have exactly the same size perforations as the old ones. It is the modern fashion among women to wear heels of a minute diameter, often, I was told by a famous shoe shop, only three-eighths of an inch across. So it is the fashion that is to blame, if anyone is at fault! One can hardly expect racecourse executives or anyone else to change the designs of gratings or steps to suit modern fashion.

★ ★ ★

DURING recent weeks of the season, Mrs. Edward Thompson and Mrs. Francis Hopton Scott gave a most enjoyable joint cocktail party at Stanhope Gate for Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Martin Thompson and Miss Susan and Mr. William Hopton Scott. Susan, who looked very pretty in a powder blue silk dress, should have come out last year, but any festivities were postponed owing to her mother's serious illness, while Elizabeth had her début put back a year as her parents were away in Australia. At this party they proved a wonderful pair of young hostesses, going round looking after their many young guests who included this year's and last year's débutantes and a large number of young men.

Among these I met the Hon. Robin Dixon and his sister Clare who has started working in London, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Miss Charlotte Bowater and her brother Michael, their cousin Mr. David Howell, and Miss Jennifer Thompson who was there with her father. Other young people who were appreciating the roof garden on a warm evening were the Duke of Kent, Mr. Euan Johnston, Miss Jill Moseley, Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Jane Allday, Mr. Dermot Blundell, Mr. Christopher Martyn and Miss Serena Fass. Two other good coming-out parties in London, which I have not had space to mention before, were given by Mr. and Mrs. Farrant Gillham for their very attractive débutante daughter Ann, and by Mr. and Mrs. Toby O'Brien in their Wellington Square House for Mrs. O'Brien's young sister Miss Tricia Railton, who is a débutante too.



The American Society

in London welcomed their friends at an Independence Dinner at the Dorchester. (Above) Lord Tedder, Mr. Alexander Kerr, Chairman of the Society, and Mrs. Kerr



Admiral the Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma were among the guests



H.E. the Hon. Winthrop and Mrs. Aldrich, and General A. M. Gruenther



Waiting to be received were Sir Charles and Lady Russell



Mrs. James Moffett talking to Brigadier-General J. M. Sterling, U.S.A.F.

Van Hallan



Two Swedish dancers who gave a folk-dancing display

A SCANDINAVIAN TRADITION

SCANDINAVIANS, including ambassadors and other representatives of northern countries, celebrated their midsummer traditions with a ball at the Phyllis Court Club at Henley

The Hon. Sandra Monson dancing with Mr. David Wingfield



Miss Juliet Smart partnered by Mr. A. K. Williamson-Jones



Mrs. Bradshaw and Mr. Richard Bradshaw

The Icelandic Minister, M. Agnar Kl. Jonsson, and Mme. Jonsson



Mr. Andrew Nurcombe and Miss Susanna Hills



Mrs. Taya Wilcox and Mme. E. Capurro were also there



Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Scheel, Baroness Raben and the Danish Ambassador, M. de Steensen-Leth, talking after dinner



Miss Sarah Heyman with her father,
Maj.-Gen. G. D. G. Heyman, C.B., C.B.E.

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 18,
1956
115



Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. W. Bryan Case
and Sir Frederick and Lady Rawlinson

THE CYGNETS GIVE A BALL

MRS. W. RENNIE O'MAHONY and the Cygnets held their seventh annual ball at Claridge's recently. The guests included many past and present Cygnets together with their parents and friends. This year the guest of honour at this very enjoyable dance was Lady Dalrymple-Champneys who was accompanied by Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys

Miss Anne Browning and Mr.
Michael Graham

Mr. Antony Severne and Miss Lesley
Stephenson



Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony talking to Sir
Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Miss Gay Cameron and Sir David
Gammons



Baron William de Gelsey and the Hon.
Cecily Somerset, a past Cygnet



Miss Sarah Rawlinson, Mr. William Long, Miss
Anita de Chair and Sub-Lt. Rodney de Chair



Donegal

RICHARD GRAHAM describes the extreme north-western tip of Europe, that part of Ireland which is geographically in the north, but belongs by temperament to southern climes

A MOOD may last a minute, an hour, a week, but later we seldom retain its precise form and image. Yet among a few ineradicable memories there comes again the recollection of an enchanted dusk hour on a lonely shore in north-west Ireland. We had driven all day from Dublin, through the fertile grazing lands of Meath and Monaghan and Fermanagh, perfumed with the heavy press of lush mid-June grass; beside the romantic-imaged lakes of Enniskillen and across the austerer uplands of Tyrone; over the Boyne to the straggling grey market town of Letterkenny at the foot of Lough Swilly, beyond which begins the remoter world of the wild and unnurtured Donegal highlands where, in another of the long sea arms that indent the torn coastline, we were to spend the night. Aboard the moored yacht we sat out on deck to await the coming of sleep, but with midnight there was still no darkness, only an auroral luminosity of the sky; the land lay motionless and on the shadowed waters no life stirred save two silent drifting swans and a lone seal; the utter and intense quiet shut off the rest of the world and conveyed an ethereal tranquillity that was strangely complete and final.

PERHAPS the moment's peace could have occurred nowhere else, for here on the extreme outer edge of Europe there is a timeless solitude that isolates mind and heart from the world's turmoil. Even in the brilliance of morning the sparkling jade-green bay would hold something of its mystery and in the twelve-mile sail to its shelving narrows and the open Atlantic beyond, scarcely sight or sound of human life would obtrude on its shores. At the bar we anchored and went ashore in the dinghy, climbing the tufted slopes to where a ruined seventeenth-century watchtower guards the view of the jagged mountain seaboard. Eastward

across the limpid aquamarine sea, specked with the black shadows of the rocks in its depths, the hills of the Inishowen Peninsula bar the eye from passing Malin Head, the northernmost point of all Ireland, and, incidentally, a part of the so-called "South." Westward the immense panorama stretches to the far limit of the horizon, the blue-brown mountain vista bending away to the country of the Rosses as if following the earth's curvature, and indeed this is no illusion, for far out from the land the high bulk of Tory Island—pronounced Torry—lies well down in the ocean swell like the hull of a distant ship.

BUT few vessels in fact touch these rockbound and tricky coasts, while the little schooners which till a year or two ago used to chug up Mulroy Bay to Milford are now seldom seen, and our yacht was said to have been the first to call in there for a couple of years. Nevertheless, the long, parallel inlets of Swilly, Mulroy and Sheephaven could be perfect for sailing, and the hire of a fishing boat or small dinghy would enable one to explore the winding, sandy shores which may entice from a few hundred yards, but be separated from one by waters which compel the road to skirt many miles of the indented land.

Distances are indeed made devious by the contours of land and shore, so that for this reason there are advantages in basing oneself on a strategic centre. Milford, for instance, is admirably placed for touring these northern coasts and also gives access to many of the excellent angling haunts inland. Nearby, Rathmelton—pronounced Ramelton—is a pretty village grouped round a picturesque and deserted little harbour, but off hand I know of no hotel here and the small resort of Rathmullan, half-way up Lough

Swilly a few miles away, is better served in this respect. Rathmullan also makes a convenient centre, for from here there is a ferry to Fahan on the Inishowen peninsula, and this saves a thirty-six-mile road detour round the foot of the lough. Swilly, by the way, has many historical associations, and it was from Rathmullan that the "flight of the earls" took place at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and here, too, was the last-attempted invasion of the British Isles by foreign troops, when three hundred Frenchmen under Wolfe Tone came unsuccessfully to aid the Irish Rising of 1798.

Such past events afford the mind endless speculation, but the present obtrudes with its problems of where to stay and what to do. There is no use in hoping for smart, sophisticated hotels in this most unsophisticated part of the world, but some of the small fishing hotels can be very pleasant, particularly if one has the sense to fall in with the customs of the country; for instance, a good high tea may be infinitely preferable to an uncertain "late dinner," and similarly whiskey and stout better than overpriced and ill-chosen wines. Remoter Ireland as yet makes no claim to the pretentious food-and-wine cult of postwar England.

THERE are, of course, exceptions to this, the most notable being the hotel at Rosapenna, one of the best known in the country. Rosapenna, beside Sheephaven Bay on the lovely peninsula of Rosguill, only a mile or two from the entrance to Mulroy Bay which I have already described, is deservedly a favourite small resort—if the term can be used of so totally unspoiled a place—and there are splendid beaches, really good fishing, and one of the best golf courses in Ireland. It is also a convenient touring centre, but if rest and not restlessness is the purpose of one's holiday—as it seemed to be in those timeless prewar days of childhood before it became desirable and even necessary to aim at umpteen countries in as many days—then one might very well stay put. Ideal for people with a young family, Rosapenna has a number of service flats where privacy can be combined with all the amenities of the hotel. Equally, it might be possible to rent a cottage elsewhere in the district, in Carrigart or Downings, perhaps, both charming small villages, or in Dunfanaghy or Port-na-blagh, on the other side of the gold-fringed bay.

Westwards the high cliffs of Horn Head thrust out into the Atlantic, and the coast beyond here is wilder and more exposed. The narrow road which skirts the Bloody Foreland stands high over the Tyrian-purple sea, and the bare, treeless land is divided into tiny walled fields of blackish earth, spattered with frequent white cabins vivid against the dark soil, for this largely Gaelic-speaking district is, for all its remoteness, surprisingly densely populated, though there are no large villages or towns. The nearest is Dungloe—the "g" is not pronounced—an angling centre which lies in the heart of the country known as the Rosses, nearly a hundred square miles of wild rockstrewn moorland broken up by innumerable lakes, the russet colourings recalling the mellowed, autumnal worlds of Turner and Girtin. Perhaps one would sooner stay a little farther south, on the sheltered shores of Gweebarra Bay, where the tiny resorts of Rosbeg, Narin and Portnoo provide glorious strands and a choice of hotel accommodation, while another agreeable place is the little town of Ardara—pronounced Ardragh.

HERE the country is softer and more tranquil after the rugged wildness of the Donegal highlands north of Dungloe, but the coastal scenery to the west is most impressive, the cliffs at one point—near Teelin—rising sheer out of the sea to a height of over a thousand feet.

South of Ardara on the coast that borders Donegal Bay, is the pretty little town of Killybegs, which besides being an important fishing-port, is the place where Donegal carpets are made. East of Killybegs again there are more pleasant seaside villages, Dunkineely, Inver and Mountcharles, and then in the almost land-locked corner of the bay, one comes to Donegal Town, a place with only just over a thousand inhabitants, but still one of the largest towns in the whole of the county.

Donegal can be approached via either Belfast or Dublin. If one is bringing a car, it can be flown by Silver City Airways from Stranraer to Newtownards near Belfast, but the long drive up from the south of England is tiring and it would perhaps be simpler to ship it at Liverpool. In Donegal itself there are quite good trains—and, for short distances, bicycles and even one's own feet, ideal, in my opinion, in country like this.



The jetty at Killybegs (above), a charming village which is noted for its production of the much sought after Donegal carpets. It is also an important fishing centre

A view of Glencolumbkille, Co. Donegal, showing winding roads, bare hills, stone walls and lack of large trees which give a flavour of the wide-open spaces to this county



Board Failte Eireann



Mr. Richard Wells and Miss Margaret Rose stop to pat the household's corgi



Sir Jeremy Mostyn, Bt., and Miss Joanna Mostyn made a "mirror quartet"



Miss Roberta Carew and Mr. Charles Lockhart were sitting out together

Mr. John Wells in conversation with Miss Felicity d'Abreu

Miss M. Bulkeley, Mr. A. Hepburn, Miss S. Steel and Mr. M. Scott

Mr. Stephen Dobson was talking to Miss Rosemary Brown



BIRTHDAY DANCE

LT.-COL. the Hon. Henry Hope and Mrs. Hope gave a dance for their son Mr. Peter Hope who was celebrating his twenty-first birthday, and for their daughter, Anne, at their beautiful Elizabethan home, Mapledurham House, Berks



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Anne Hope, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Hope, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Henry Hope and Mr. Peter Hope in the drawing-room



Miss Caroline Cholmeley-Harrison and Mr. Patrick Goulder chatting on the staircase



BARBECUE NIGHT

MR. and Mrs. Nicholas Kaye gave a dance for their daughter Miss Tessa Kaye (above) at The Garden House, Vale of Health, Hampstead. One of the attractions was a barbecue in the lighted garden where the young guests cooked their own sausages



A. V. Swaebe

Miss Jane Lascelles and Mr. Julian Seymour had a seat by one of the braziers



Miss Livia Lycett-Green and Mr. Sam Penrose sitting out in the garden



Miss Alison Bradford and Mr. Julian Wells admiring the decorations



Mr. Tony Bradford and Miss Christine Thoroughgood were out on the terrace

Mr. R. Creese-Parsons, Miss A. Martineau, Mr. J. Graffey-Smith and Miss M. Hopkinson

Miss Alexandra MacLeod and Mr. Nicholas Simunek cooking sausages in the best of all ways

Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies, Mr. A. Hines, Mr. A. Leslie and Miss S. Peczenik



SUMMER'S PRIDE

CONJURING up a true picture of summer, the tall ships with their sails bright against the sunlight make a stirring sight at the start of the 130-mile race from Plymouth across the Channel to St. Malo



Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

ONCE upon a time (and I often wonder when, where, and through whom it all began), a striped tie was the outward and visible and yet relatively unobtrusive sign that its wearer had attended one of only a few schools, or was a member of this or that distinguished club devoted to the playing or watching or controlling of this or that game.

Long before the war, though, as Bernard Darwin has recorded, colours so multiplied "that no man has now enough ingenuity to invent anything novel in the way of stripes without plagiarism. Even the advanced student will with difficulty be able to distinguish between, let us say, the Highland Brigade and the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, the Free Foresters and the Staff College, the Old Salopians and the Oxford Authentics. Stripes have had their day and the only resource is now to dispose small objects upon a solid background. I believe the first of such ties and still the prettiest is that of Vincent's Club at Oxford . . ."—a tie we

all know, with its small silver crowns on a dark blue ground.

This particular development—this heraldic departure from the mere dichroism of yesterday—has brought to the rainbow windows of those shops that specialize, as some shops do, in school ties, club scarves and regimental blazer-badges, a menagerie of rare beasts, rampant (usually) over even rarer tinctures, and denoting sometimes the rarest of academic or military distinctions.

STILL others may indicate membership of the faculty of dentistry or of forestry at some far-off university; or brief service, during some forgotten war, in a corps long disbanded but still mustering former members loyal enough to invent ever new ties that will prove impregnable to infringement by any sub-aristocratic cycling club.

Where, though, will it end? I saw, the other day, a tasteful confection designed to proclaim one's golf handicap around one's neck, as there are ties that advertise

one's ownership of a particular brand of motor car. (Why not, on the same analogy, a tie to show what breakfast food one munches? "What porridge had John Keats?" would thus have been ascertainable from any portrait.) There is a plushy restaurant in New York, Lord Kinross has reported, with its own club tie for habitués (its waiters wear hunting pink); and I recall the appearance, at Coronation time, of what must have been the least exclusive tie of all—one that proclaimed merely that one was a British subject or, at any rate, Anglophile, alive and capable of tie-purchase in 1953.

IF that was the least exclusive of all ties bearing a device, then what, so far, is the *most* exclusive? It cannot be a school tie, however august the school, for such are obtainable at more shops than one, and in many a town. I would offer as a candidate the handsome tie I saw the other day in an expensive haberdasher's in St. James's, which sported a discreet

but exalted-looking device on a rich background, patently hoping to be taken for a club tie. "What tie is that?" I asked the man behind the counter. "Why sir," he said, "it's *our* tie, woven specially. You can't buy it anywhere else in the world."

★ ★ ★

THE new book about young Geoffrey Keyes, who lost his life and won the V.C. in the raid on Rommel's headquarters (a feat movingly recalled by the Queen, colonel-in-chief of The Greys, Keyes's regiment, when she presented their new guidon, earlier this month), is all the more impressive for the artlessness with which his sister has written it. I was touched by the account of how Geoffrey's younger brother, Roger, a twenty-four year old sub-lieutenant, R.N., was the first Englishman, in 1943, to find himself—and by chance—standing by Geoffrey's grave, where he had been honourably buried by the Germans, where "the edge of the horizon is rimmed by a long blue line of hills. Beyond them the Sahara stretches to the Equator."

An appealing touch is how the landing party for the raid, under Colonel Laycock, as he then was, spent their three days on the beach, waiting for the raiders' return, doing crossword puzzles and reading *The Wind In The Willows*. And, earlier in young Keyes's career, it is enlightening to read about his reports from Eton, and to learn how they worried his father, the allant Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who made his name at Zeebrugge in 1918: "Geoffrey never seemed to have a bad report. . . . This worried my father, who asked a friend of ours: 'Tell me—do you think he is all right? Just look at these reports. It's not like our family. . . . Why, the other day he won a literature prize! Now, young Roger's reports I can understand; they are like the ones my father used to get about me; but Geoffrey's are *too good*. Do you think he's all right?'" He was all right; and it is good to know that his father lived to be so handsomely reassured.

★ ★ ★

SEE that undergraduates of Edinburgh University have been suggesting the foundation of at least one more university in Scotland, to relieve the pressure on staff and accommodation at St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. They went on to suggest Dumfries and Inverness as possible sites.

It is clear that if Britain as a whole is to keep its place in the world—and I don't mean merely technical achievement—it must have more universities: I suppose Brighton will be the next to be founded, for its supporters are active and influential, and I hope that it proves as successful in making a name for itself, and establishing a character of its own, as the University of North Staffordshire at Keele has done, in a mere five years or so of existence, through its highly individual curriculum.

The problem of new universities in this country has always been, and it still is, to



COL. R. L. PRESTON, C.B.E., A.F.R.A.E., has been Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club since 1945; the Club is holding its Second National Air Races Meeting at Coventry on Friday and Saturday this week, during which the King's Cup Race will take place. Col. Preston was educated at Cheltenham College and joined the Coldstream Guards before the war. During the war he commanded an R.A.F. Regiment. He is founder and vice-chairman of the Household Brigade Flying Club, has himself flown in the King's Cup Race, and is a member of various foreign flying clubs

reach parity of esteem with Oxford and Cambridge. The two oldest universities have their pick of the best men—and more than ever since the war, now that lack of means has been made, and rightly, hardly at all a handicap to the bright scholarship candidate. In my own time, when I went from Manchester to Oxford, many a likely lad at my own grammar school would not even attempt Oxford or Cambridge, because even with a college open scholarship his people could never have afforded to keep him there: he went to a provincial university, if he went to one at all—and the provincial universities were all the better for it, which is more

EN AUTO

*Le beau pays flashes by as they
Pile up the kilomètres.
A record total for the day
Seems their sole raison d'être.*

*Fair city of the Haute-Garonne,
Your charms they must refuse.
Their lunch awaits in Carcassonne—
They have no time Toulouse.*

—Prendergast

than I fancy some of them are now.

Nowadays, the academic standard is higher among the women at the redbrick universities than among the men—there simply isn't room at Oxford and Cambridge for all the women capable of taking firsts and good seconds. What I should like to see is some new universities designed—as Keele has been—for small numbers of undergraduates, resident rather than commuting, and with highly specialized courses, and set up not at great centres of population, as the Victorian foundations were, at Manchester and Leeds and Birmingham and the like, but at cities such as Salisbury or Winchester or York. Thus, it seems to me, there would be a chance of endowing the new foundations each with a personality, as well as offering men and women unable to get into an Oxford or a Cambridge college some of the graces of those ancient foundations.

★ ★ ★

IT has been left to a writer in a literary magazine—to Archibald Lyall in *The Twentieth Century*—to fill a gap that has been left gaping by the compilers of dictionaries and guides and travel articles: he has written a modest first introduction to the gesture-jargon of eyes and hands with which Italians, and particularly Italians of the south, augment their melodious and expressive tongue. Even in Rome, Mr. Lyall points out, let alone Naples, the pillion passenger on a scooter will let go his necessary grip to wave both hands in talking to the driver—who cannot see him, any more than can the listener at the other end of the telephone whose correspondent switches the instrument from hand to hand in order to gesticulate.

Some gestures, the learned lexicographer has found, are already anthropological curiosities: that for telephoning is to make a circular motion with the hand about the ear—a performance that young Italians still go through who cannot ever have seen one of those early devices that had to be cranked up, so to speak, like a middle-aged motor car.

MYSELF, I am very fond of the index-finger tip to the cheek, slowly turned, which—with an expressive roll of the eyes—means "Bellissima! Absolutely first-class!" And of the other forty-odd wordless phrases listed by the scholarly Mr. Lyall, I select—as of the greatest possible use south of Rome—the one in which you stretch out thumb and first finger, with the other three fingers closed to the palms, and rotate the hand slowly from the wrist, which means, "I haven't got any money—there's nothing doing!"

Then, to make doubly sure that you are not the one to be taken for a Neapolitan ride, you wave one hand, held limply, up and down, tapping that elbow with the other hand, signifying "Go to hell!" After which, to congratulate yourself on your escape, you may turn to your admiring companion, without a word, but breathing on your finger-nails, bent towards you, and then polishing them on your lapel: "Full marks to me!"



D. R. Stuart



Mr. Arthur Lees, Mrs. G. Valentine, the Scottish champion, and Miss Doris Chambers



Mlle. Odile Semerlaigne, the lady champion of France

THE LADIES AT GOLF

THE Ladies' British Open Amateur Golf Championship took place at Sunningdale recently. Nineteen-year-old Miss Margaret Smith, the winner (above), receives the trophy from Mr. John Langley, the Sunningdale secretary



Miss Marianne Gripwall (Sweden) and Miss Mary Janssen (U.S.A.)



Miss Ann Howard and Miss Jane Redgate, who are both fine players



Mrs. Frank Stranahan and Miss Barbara Romack, both from America

Mme. Simone Barton (France) watches her opponent, Miss Constance Collier (N. Z.)

A group of spectators and players at the first tee. At the left, the runner-up, Miss Mary Janssen, watches her opponent's shot





Van Hallam

TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 18,
1956
123



Miss Leesa Sandys-Lumsdaine on Monkton with her mother Mrs. J. Sandys-Lumsdaine



Major W. Enderby talking to Lady Violet Vernon



Major C. S. Drabble, one of the judges, and Mrs. M. Kingscote

Lord Kenyon with his brood mare Sprite and her foal, with Miss R. Philipson-Stow and Mrs. E. Griffith



HUNTERS ON PARADE

AT the National Hunter Show at Shrewsbury, Mr. W. Donaldson on Irish Fox II (above) receives the Horse and Hound Champion Challenge Cup from Lady Margaret Myddelton, assisted by Col. Lord Digby

Mr. R. H. Holladay and Mrs. Holladay who had come from Droitwich for the Show

Priscilla in ParisCROMWELL HOLDS COURT
AT THE LOUVRE

AGAIN our hardy Parisian playgoers are braving the elements and obediently spending their evenings in the *Cour carrée* of the Louvre where the open air performances of Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* are taking place. Whether it was tactful of the authorities to choose such a site for the production is a disputable affair; almost on a par with the discernment of a restaurateur at Rouen who advertises his establishment as: "Chez Jeanne d'Arc, Grill Room." The dead French kings must be turning in their not-so-narrow graves as they hear the ruthless Roundhead ranting and rumbling beneath the windows of their palace. Perhaps Victor Hugo also feels restless. Never before has it been given to an author to have his play announced as a "world première" 129 years after his death.

On receiving an invitation to this event I dashed to the lower, right-hand shelf of the bookcase where Victor Hugo's *œuvres complètes* are housed in the red morocco, gilt-tooled splendour of the 1876 edition. (A wedding present to a bookwormish great-grandmamma.)

THE old, familiar titles greeted me. *Hernani*, *Ruy Blas*, *Marion Delorme* and so many other dramatic, heroic, romantic plays and dramas. The sonorous, flexible verses of *les Contemplations*, the lyrical *Odes et Ballades*. Volumes that proclaimed their age, and the admiration they have inspired, by their well worn backs and tarnished titles. . . .

As for the novels, the thrilling *Miserables*, the awesome *Notre-Dame de Paris*, the hallucinating *Homme Que Rit*, they were frankly in need of the gluepot, failing expert doctoring by a master bookbinder. I am now inclined to doubt all the stories about Great-grandmamma's omnivorous reading. She evidently jibbed at some of her fences. The crimson leather that clothed *Cromwell* was as new as when it left Alphonse Lemerre's printing works in the passage Choiseuil some eighty years ago. Even the almost transparent, fine green ribbon that marked the

end of the famous preface lay in its original creases between the uncut pages. Would I be such a fool as to rush in where Great-grandmamma feared to tread?

MY barometer was reassuring as to rain, but it was not a terribly warm summer's evening and made wise by my previous experience at the *parvise* of Notre-Dame I wore a woolly under the little black number that does duty on such occasions. The breeze that blew up from the Seine, where the river fire brigade was parked, with hoses "at ready," scattered goose pimples over many lovely shoulders and unselfish escorts were obliged to come to the rescue with their overcoats.

What can be said of the production other than that the "unplayable" play was played? That the six hours needed to act it *in extenso* were reduced to a normal three, and that few spectators noticed where the cuts were made by René Bianco and Richard Heinz.

Jean Cocteau's speech of presentation was in his most nimble and charming manner; full of the respect, admiration and affection that is felt for the grand and great old poet (who was only twenty-five when he wrote *Cromwell*) and yet with the faintest hint of a smile . . . or was it a slight bulge that rounded Cocteau's hollow cheek?

A brilliant company of players brought the immense fresco to life. Maurice Escande, of the *Comédie française*, shed his



F. J. Goodman

PRINCESS SAID TOUSSOUN, wearing a Balmain gown, photographed in her beautiful apartment in the avenue du Marechal Maunoury. The Prince and Princess are keen racing enthusiasts and have seen their horses run in the Derby

ANDRE ROUSSIN, the French playwright, will take one of the roles in the screen version of his successful play "Quand l'Enfant Parait." The picture shows him as he will appear in the part of a grotesque academician in the coming film





usual lovelocks to play the rôle of Oliver. He was magnificent but although it has been said that Cromwell "yet deported himself well" and "without any indecency through the want of custom," the stately elegance of the actor was far too flattering for the personage.

VISITORS to Versailles this summer will find that the beautiful, hand-wrought, iron gates that once opened upon the "Queen's staircase" and that of the "Ambassadors" have been replaced. They were destroyed during the French Revolution, in 1793, and these replacing copies are the gift of M. Edgar Brandt, to whom France also owes the great bronze plaque under the Arc de Triomphe that marks the Unknown Soldier's grave and the monument at Douaumont. The gates have been copied from designs dating from the reign of Louis XIV, by Jules Hardouin-Mansart, who also built the dome of the Invalides and the place Vendôme. They have been forged by hand and twelve master ironmoulders are said to have put in 25,000 hours' work in the fashioning of them. It is pleasant to think that anything so fine can happen in this machine-made, prefabricated age of ours.



It is said that *tout finit par des chansons* in this country, and the saying is . . . well, almost true! But one must add that the *chansons* usually take place round a festive board. On this occasion the songs were words without music, but although so many political personages were present their eloquence remained within bounds.

Minister André Cornu, president of the Restoration Committee, thanked the generous persons present who have so magnificently helped to restore the glories of the past. It is impossible to name everyone, but Lady Deterding, the Baroness de Rothschild, M. and Mme. Arthur Lopèz, the Chevalier Gast de la Saulx, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy and, of course, M. Edgar Brandt who was accompanied by his wife, two daughters and a selection of grandchildren, emerge from the many.

Coup de disgrâce

● An admiring but somewhat weary spectator as he left the Cour Carrée of the Louvre: "It is a pity they cut the entr'actes!"



The guests of Luxembourg

H.E. the Ambassador for Luxembourg and Mme. Clasen recently gave a reception at their house in Hampstead. Above, Col. and Mrs. T. Maxwell and M. Clasen

Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Mr. B. B. Bausch

Mrs. C. Dumont, Mrs. McNeil Robertson, and the Afghan envoy



Col. D. T. Hudson (centre) and Mr. and Mrs. Schwarzbarg-Gunther,

Lady Robinson, Sir Roland Robinson, M.P., and Lady Allchin

Sir Neville Bland, Sir Eric Mieville, Lady Swinton, Sir Geoffrey Allchin and Mrs. R. Davis were among the guests

A. Swache



IT WAS OAR-TO-OAR AT HENLEY REGATTA

THE main feature of this year's Royal Regatta at Henley was the even distribution of victories between the competing clubs, universities and countries; the races brought very large crowds. Below: Mr. Guyer Ward, Mrs. L. A. Scragg, Mrs. M. Sulatyski, Mrs. J. Guyer Ward, and Mr. L. A. Scragg, with Mr. Michael Williams and Miss Anne Wharton (in the bows), watch the racing from the boat

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Miss Gillian Batham and Mr. David Few, Radley, having tea in their punt





en Arneberg and Mr. John Selwyn) watching the finals



Mr. Graham Pearson, Miss Lois Pearson and Mr. M. Thomas



Miss Elizabeth Webb-Bowen and Mr. David Robson watched from a cabin cruiser

Mrs. G. T. Morris, with Richard and Patrick Morris Miss Tanis Butler was with Mrs. Butler and Mr. G. W. Butler



Oliver O'Connell and Mrs. Drury, Mr. Michael Marshall and Miss Susan Longfield



The Ambassadors of Colombia and Uruguay with Mme. Quadros

Mrs. A. S. Wigget, Capt. J. A. Goodwin and Miss Patricia Dale



Miss Sheila McRobbie, Mr. Edward Crowther, Mr. Patrick Bessemer and Miss Audrey Graham-Taylor





At the Theatre

ALFRESCO ROMANCES

"THE ROMANTICKS" is presented by the Folio Theatre Company at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Sylvette (Rosemary Wallace) and Percinet (Bernard Brown) as the star crossed lovers are not equal to the wiles of their respective fathers, the sanguine Bergamin (Robert Atkins) and the dyspeptic Pasquinot (Russell Thorndike). Below, Alan Judd in the part of a strutting bravo. Drawings by Emmwood

UNSETTLED weather, it is reported, is affecting open-air theatres all over Europe, and in Switzerland, where theatrical and musical festivals set against the backcloth of huge snowy mountain masses had become very popular and numerous, the organizers are showing signs of discouragement. Their troubles seem slight and passing compared with those to which the manager of our own Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park is accustomed to meet three years out of every four.

But then Mr. Robert Atkins, as I have had occasion to remark before, has a good share of the robust sanguine spirit of the Elizabethan man of the theatre who knew that even if rain did not drench the groundlings of the Globe there was pretty sure to be bear-baiting or some equally formidable counter-attraction round the corner. He expects that tomorrow will be a fine day, and if it isn't, well, there is always the shelter of a roomy marquee with a sylvan stage basking in eternal sunshine.

Mr. Atkins had the happy idea a year ago of companioning *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with a translation of *Les Romanesques*, Edmond Rostand's last play. Both plays are alike in inviting us to contemplate the absurdity of romantic love in the lazy mood of a summer day, but there are delicious differences between them. When Shakespeare mocks young love he entangles the mockery in so much shadowy and shifting poetic loveliness that its point is apt to be lost. Rostand was a Frenchman, and his verse, for all its joyous sparkle, keeps the point of the joke plainly in view. Young love is almost bound to be no more than a tentative exercise in sensibility. A healthy exercise, no doubt, and charming, but also wondrously silly. A breath of reality will either blow it clear away or change it into something different.

ON a warm sunny day the park is the perfect place for such an indulgent reverie in which different theatrical styles are lightly alternated to and fro. Perched on a wall dividing their parents' estates, Percinet and Sylvette see themselves as no other than Romeo and Juliet. They do not expect to die terribly, but they hope to end a long-standing feud between their houses. They quote entrancedly, they attitudinize exquisitely—and we share Rostand's enjoyment of their youthful silliness. But though the lovers know it not, Bergamin and his neighbour, Pasquinot, whom they have cast for bitter Montague and Capulet, do but feign enmity. The old rascals are bent on arranging a marriage of convenience which will unite their adjacent estates. They are of opinion—for old age has its romantic silliness—that nothing

is more likely to foster such a marriage as they desire than a show of stern parental opposition.

Not satisfied to gather in gently the fruit of their precious worldly wisdom, the schemers go the usual step too far. Would it not hasten matters if a bravo were hired to abduct Sylvette?

Her lover naturally would fly to her rescue, she would fall into his arms, the parents would be "reconciled" and the wall dividing the estates could at once be removed. The plan works, but it works, alas, too well. The old men, now that they have no enmity to feign, get on one another's nerves; and the heroic airs and graces which the happy lovers give themselves are quite insufferable.

THE truth is out, and the lovers, finding they have been trapped into a commonplace marriage, are terribly disillusioned. They separate, he to play Don Juan in the great world, she to sigh for a seducer. And this is where Rostand's successors in the French theatre would have left the poor young things; but something like sixty years separates him from M. Anouilh, and before he has done with Percinet and Sylvette they have learned that romance is worth having after all, and has its own reality. The happy ending is most ingeniously arranged. Bogus abductor turned bogus seducer puts Sylvette into a terrible fright; the would-be Don Juan returns from his travels like some straggler from a defeated army; and all is well.

Last year there was Mr. Robert Eddison to put a fine comic *bravura* into the hired nobleman's passionate wooing. Mr. Alan Judd is not quite so good, but his playing has plenty of comic energy. Mr. Atkins and Mr. Russell Thorndike again cosily catch the contrast between the sanguine Bergamin and the dyspeptic Pasquinot, and the lovers are gracefully played by Miss Rosemary Wallace and Mr. Bernard Brown.

—Anthony Cookman





Tony Armstrong Jones

A great English actress as a poetic matriarch

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE'S name is a legend throughout the theatrical world to both players and theatregoers alike. Indeed, not only is Dame Sybil a very great actress, but she is also a tradition in herself, having acted in innumerable plays by the greatest playwrights in parts as diverse as Lady Macbeth and the White Queen in "Alice," bringing to all her interpretations a sure touch and enormous intelligence. Long associated with Dame Lilian Baylis at the Old Vic, she is currently delighting theatregoers with her fine acting in T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion" at the Phoenix

At the Pictures

FILM THAT TOUCHES THE STUFF OF GLORY

ANYBODY who wondered why Mr. Kenneth More, for whom "life has been a series of whacking great laughs," was chosen to play Mr. Douglas Bader, for whom a good deal of life has been a defiant and determined struggle to overcome a cruel handicap, will find the answer in *Reach For The Sky*. It is simply this: that nobody else could have done it half so well.

Because he was so exactly right as that larky character in *Genevieve* and as feckless Freddie in *The Deep Blue Sea*, one was inclined to think Mr. More was capable only of doing what comes naturally—for in real life he's a gay, sweet, unaffected sort of cove whom one would scarcely suspect could act. He is, in fact—as the discerning producer, Major "Danny" Angel, realized—a highly accomplished actor: his superb performance in the difficult rôle of a contemporary hero, the man of iron with "tin legs," proves it.

MR. BADER, an outwardly breezy young man with a challenging attitude towards authority and a strong inward urge to be "tops" in all things, joined the R.A.F. in 1928. He was an excellent all-round sportsman and a born flyer. When, in 1931, he lost both legs in a flying accident for which he had only himself to blame, his life seemed to have come to an end. A hospital nurse (sympathetically played by Miss Dorothy Alison) helped him through the first mood of black despair: he made up his mind that he could live as a normal man—and he has done so.

Mr. Kenneth More, with clenched teeth under a stiff upper lip, is all grim resolve as he teaches himself, unaided, to get about on crutches—and there is something a little frightening about the scenes at Roehampton when, refusing to use a stick, he forces himself to bear the agonizing pain of walking for the first time on artificial legs. But for his saving sense of humour, one might feel this to be an uncomfortably hard and pitiless man: it says much for Mr. More that he makes him one who inspires affection as well as admiration.

Mr. Bader's enforced retirement to the boredom of a City job, his marriage to Thelma (Miss Muriel Pavlow)—the charming girl he met at a country café—his return to the R.A.F. on the outbreak of war, his magnificent exploits in the Battle of Britain, his crash in France and his years of restless captivity in various p.o.w. camps, where he was the damndest thorn in the flesh to the Germans, are all recorded in this excellent film, which Mr. Lewis Gilbert has most ably directed. It is that rare thing a completely unsentimental picture—a noble tribute to an indomitable spirit!

IF Messrs. Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to make a film about a notorious prostitute who plied her trade in Honolulu and netted herself a fortune during the war by buying real estate cheap after the Pearl Harbour panic and rooking the troops at her cosy clip-joint, why didn't they go ahead and make it? Search me—or maybe search the Breen Office. Whatever the cause, the dishonesty of their picture, *The Revolt Of Mamie Stover*, is enough to make your hair curl.

Miss Jane Russell—revolting, right enough, in the title rôle—is, you are to believe, nothing more deplorable than a dance hostess.

This makes it hard to understand why she was thrown out of San Francisco and why Mr. Richard Egan, the rich man



JEFF CHANDLER as Capt. Jebediah S. Hawks and George Nader as Lt. Dave MacDougall in the Universal-International Technicolor film *Away All Boats*. This is an action-packed story of the U.S. Navy in World War Two, and the cast also includes Julie Adams and Lex Barker



DAVID NIVEN in City garb primly ignores the advances of French actress Genevieve Page in Dragon-Films' new production *The Silken Affair*. This is Miss Page's first film in England, though she appeared on the West End stage a few years ago in the play *Happy Times*



Kenneth More as Bader, and Muriel Pavlow as his wife in *Reach For The Sky*, the film version of the famous flier's biography

who fell in love with her, is so outraged to find she has gone on working while he was away soldiering. Broken-hearted at being jilted by Mr. Egan, Mamie dyes her hair back from red to its original black (symbolic—mourning, see?), gives all her money away, packs a single suitcase and returns to the States in the simple costume in which she left. She doesn't expect the San Francisco police to believe her story—and she needn't expect me to, either. The one credible character in the whole thing is a brothel-keeping madame, with a mousetrap mouth and brass-wire hair—a part which is dazzlingly played by Miss Agnes Moorehead.

SURELY it was a mistake to film the late Mr. D. H. Lawrence's essentially English novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in French. I'm inclined to think it was a mistake to film it at all—for, shorn of the dialogue and descriptive passages which had our eyes popping in the later nineteen-twenties, it's a pretty dreary story.

Mr. Leo Genn, speaking French like an Englishman who is too well-bred to pretend to be anything he isn't, plays Sir Clifford Chatterley—a crippled, rich and, one gathers, detested mine-owner.

He is so anxious to have an heir that he urges his wan wife, Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, to procure him one by taking—just temporarily, of course—a lover. She—not, I feel, from a sense of duty—throws herself into the arms of their gamekeeper, Signor Erno Crisa, a muscular fellow in a sort of tram-conductor's uniform.

Sir Clifford is scandalized, in a dignified way, and signifies his acceptance of her announcement that she is going to leave him by telling the housekeeper "Madame will not be lunching today," this statement making her a sister-under-the-skin of Miss Otis of tuneful memory, who also offended against certain received canons of polite usage.

The censor's disapproval of Lady Chatterley's non-U behaviour is indicated by an X certificate.

THE French do not share Hollywood's horror of prostitutes—as you will see from *The Parasites*, which presents them in be vies. Why they are called *filles de joie*, I cannot think: they all have the most miserable time—especially Mlle. Jeanne Moreau who is not happy in her work or in her "protectors." The first of these is a Corsican burglar (M. Roger Pierre) who, when not a-burgling, plays a piercing trumpet for hours on end, perhaps to drown the voice of conscience.

Presumably to get a little peace, Mlle. Moreau takes up with a good-looking, cringing, despicable young pimp (M. Philippe Lemaire), who is very open-handed with her money. This becomes a bit of a bore in time, so she drops him in favour of a well-to-do copper's nark (M. Robert Dalban), who has "shopped" the Corsican.

The Corsican, very naturally, is so hopping mad about this that when he comes out of jail he stabs M. Dalban to death in Mlle. Moreau's apartment: she prepares to throw herself out of the window with loud cries of "*J'ai tué mon homme!*"—which just shows how confused a girl can get, leading that sort of life.

It's a very bad film—to which not even an X certificate can lend glamour.

—Elspeth Grant



Chaplin takes the Yukon trail again

CHARLES CHAPLIN as he appears in the part of the "lone prospector" in the United Artists' film, "The Gold Rush." This is one of the cinema's classics and all those who were too young to see it when it first came out in the twenties can do so after August 3, when it will be revived at the London Pavilion

FIRST-HAND ADVENTURER

HAMMOND INNES, who has no peer today as a writer of adventure stories, has himself led a life of considerable hazard in getting material for his books. His latest, "The Mary Deare" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), of which the film rights were bought by Hollywood for nearly £30,000 before publication, is founded upon an incident in the Channel which nearly brought disaster to his ten-ton ocean racer and its crew



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

A STRANGER IN THE MIDST

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE'S new novel *Thin Ice* (Chatto & Windus, 13s. 6d.) shows the sure touch of the veteran novelist. The subject is one upon which much light, indeed limelight, is turned today—after long uneasy obscurity. Henry Fortescue, whose story is told by his friend of Oxford days, George Gaymer, is a man who seemed set for a brilliant future. He is a fine speaker, a steady and keen politician; he has an unusual grip of world affairs—at Oxford, in the late nineties, he makes his mark as President of the Union. Good looking, he shows a certain coldness of personality—he gives the impression of being a man set apart from his fellows by some secret. And so, it turns out, he is.

UNDER George Gaymer's anxious, loyal gaze, Fortescue's true personality reveals itself. He is a homosexual—who at the same time moves through a polite, ultra-correct society in which such matters are no more than hinted at—were no more than hinted at, one should say, for the epoch of Fortescue's young manhood is Edwardian. He is the son and heir of an agreeable landed family of long lineage. George Gaymer, himself exceedingly "normal," is drawn into the Fortescue family circle—the scenes in which George is interrogated by the downright father and charming, disturbed mother, as to why Henry remains "a woman-hater," are beautifully done—and, humanly speaking, painful. *Thin Ice* is well-named, if ever a novel was.

Time is needed for the development of this

story, and Sir Compton has made dramatic use of the changing years. Though the book is short, we cover, in reading it, an extensive social-political panorama, from the nineties to 1941, when Fortescue is killed in an air raid. And none too soon, for late on in life he has recklessly brought himself to the verge of scandal. Neither his widowed sister-in-law—who, keeping house for him, has had glimpses of the underworld he frequents—nor Gaymer, devoted friend though he is, can regret the

death—that is, for Henry's own sake. Yet, their very resignation (indeed, relief) brings home the full force of Henry's tragedy.

For this man's at last giving full rein to his abnormal tastes had been, in itself, a sign of defeat.

FOR years, in the interests of the career he hoped to have, Fortescue had been rigidly self-controlled. His reward had been nothing but disappointment. Endlessly, his ambitions had been frustrated, his outstanding political gifts ignored—under Conservative government after government he had failed to obtain the expected office. . . . I think it a great gain to *Thin Ice* that this novel, due to be written, should have been written by someone with so true a sense of perspective, so adult and all-round a knowledge of the world, as has Sir Compton Mackenzie.

Was Henry Fortescue's failure in public life due to his slight inhumanity—itsself due to a concealed trait? Did his tendency to make enemies, by a too-critical eye and a sharp tongue, arise from his lonely internal tension? We may assume so. The ill-starred hero of *Thin Ice*, for those same reasons, may not attract the reader—who, all the same, will be carried along by the skill with which the story is told.



THE SULTAN MEHMET III, from *An Organ For The Sultan* (Putnam, 21s.). This is a fascinating re-telling by Stanley Mayes of the story of Thomas Dallam, a Lancashireman who made and took to Turkey in 1599 a Tudor Wurlitzer, as a gift from Elizabeth I

A VOLUME of remarkable short stories, **Six Feet Of The Country** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), comes from the young South African writer Nadine Gordimer. Miss Gordimer is intimidating to review, for the yellow jacket of this book is already plastered with superlatives, gained, and one may be certain merited, by her foregoing works—*The Soft Voice Of The Serpent* (first collection of stories) and *The Lying Days*, her one novel so far.

I must clear this valuable author of one charge, "palpitating sensibility"—though this was clearly intended as high praise. Miss Gordimer doesn't palpitate; she's a light steady breather. She is a dealer in no nonsense. She has her wits about her, if never to the detriment of her heart. She is disabused, kindly and wise and civilized.

One of the stories (and one of the best, too: "Face From Atlantis") has as scene New York: otherwise the settings are South African. The subjects are youth, age, family life, social life—this last exemplified by some roaring parties.

MISS GORDIMER is in fact not out to give us "a picture" of South Africa: she takes her country for granted—so subtly and successfully, however, does she convey the atmosphere by touches that the reader will find he takes it for granted, too. Her men (incidentally, she is far better than most women writers at drawing men), women and children are recognizable as human beings by the ordinary, cosmopolitan human tests.

In *Six Feet Of The Country*, Miss Gordimer shows a genius for making her characters stand out. Their gestures, their mannerisms of speech express them—and physically, they seem to be under a strong magnifying lens. How true this is, you will only gather by reading her book: "Enemies," in which a grand old woman makes a train journey; "Which New Era Would That Be?" a study of cranks, and "My First Two Women," a small boy's dealings with his divorced mother and his stepmother, are my favourites. I rather wished that the first two stories had *not* been the first two stories: I mean, they are less attractive than those which follow.

★ ★ ★

THE long-awaited ideal rose book is **Collins Guide To Roses** by Bertram Park Collins, 25s.). It addresses itself to rose-lovers of every kind, and to rose-growers at any and every level. I imagine that even the specialists will learn from it; to the lower ranks (such as myself) here is a godsend!

Mr. Park writes out of his own experience; he extends a sympathetic interest to other people's. His style is engagingly friendly and straightforward: this humanizes his immense knowledge. His opening chapter is history: "The Evolution of the Modern Rose"—I had no conception from how far back, or that this was a flower older than Man. The Rose Family Tree (p. 21) rewards careful study.

Next, to the practical aspects: rose culture—the preparation of the soil, planting and planning, principles of pruning, manures and fertilizers, pests, and ill health. A following group of chapters are devoted to roses under their different headings—hybrid tea type, floribunda, climbers and ramblers, shrub roses, and so on. There's a section on pot roses under glass. Those ambitious to raise a new rose (their own) will profit by the remarks on hybridizing. Exhibiting is a subject of some length. Later, Mr. Park enumerates the great Rose Societies, and discusses the Continental trial grounds. Nor is this all, by any means.

The illustrations—numerous, brilliant and true in colour—make *Collins Guide To Roses* a thing of beauty. Few books as useful as this are so ornamental.



Tom Blau

Where John Cranko starts the wheels

IN the study of his house in Victoria, John Cranko ponders on details of his new ballet "The Prince Of The Pagodas," which will be presented in September at Sadler's Wells. This brilliant twenty-nine year old choreographer from South Africa has also written the most successful revue of the year, "Cranks," now at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, after a long run at the Duchess Theatre

GLAMOUR PLUS

NOTHING could be more luxurious than velvet and fur in contrasting black and white. Black velvet has a magic and enhancing effect on the beauty of any woman and fur is always ultra-feminine. From Cherry Models comes a street coat in black velvet, fitting softly at the waist. The three-quarter length sleeves are edged with white fox, while the Garbo-style hat is in white mouflon underlined with black grosgrain and comes from Dorothy Carlton. All the photographs on this page were taken by Michel Molinare



FROM Henri Gowns comes (above) a full length evening dress in black velvet with a high bustline accentuated by the sleeveless top in pearl-embroidered white satin. Over the dress is worn (right) a dramatic coat to match, lined with white satin and trimmed with white fox. Stocked by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St.

By

Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress







A STRAPLESS evening dress in white ottoman, embroidered in Lurex, from Mandell. The dress has a slim moulded line with a fishtail of white tulle, at Barri-moore, Knightsbridge

*The contrast of fur
and glittering gems*

POLAR SPARKLE

FOR the really grande toilette there is nothing more glamorous than a luxuriant white fur worn over a dress encrusted with light-catching embroidery. The superb mink coat on classic lines (right) falling to below the waist, is collarless, with wide full sleeves, comes from Bradleys. (Below) a fabulous white Arctic fox stole which comes from Debenham and Freebody





The hat treasured up for the Occasion



EVERY woman needs at least one really distinctive and personal hat for the great occasions; here are three examples. From Vernier comes a wide east-to-west hat (above) in floral printed pale grey taffeta, folded softly and caught at the sides with large olive green velvet buckles. Sapphire mink stole from Molho Furs. A beguiling and unusual hat (left) in black silk organza with a draped crown and a brim of drooping ostrich feathers is from Gina Davies. Opposite: Also from Gina Davies comes a golden Oriental turban in a mixture of straw, silk and lamé





SEPARATES IN SILK

CLOTHES which can be worn together or separately are a useful and attractive feature of this season's fashion. Often these separates are designed to tone or contrast with each other in colour and material rather than to match. An example is this outfit from Chanelle of Knightsbridge. The dress in pale grey pure silk (right) has a vee neck and a finely pleated skirt, price 27 gns. The fitted coat is in grey and yellow printed ribbed ottoman silk lined with yellow and has a high buckled belt. Price 49 gns. White mohair stole (below), 29s. 6d. Photographs by Michel Molinare

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





Towelling beach basket, price £3 3s., and green sunglasses with very decorative frames, price £4 4s. Both obtainable from Jacqmar's

This bag (below) is extra large and has a separate pocket for a wet bathing suit. It may be had at Debenham and Freebody, and costs £2 5s.

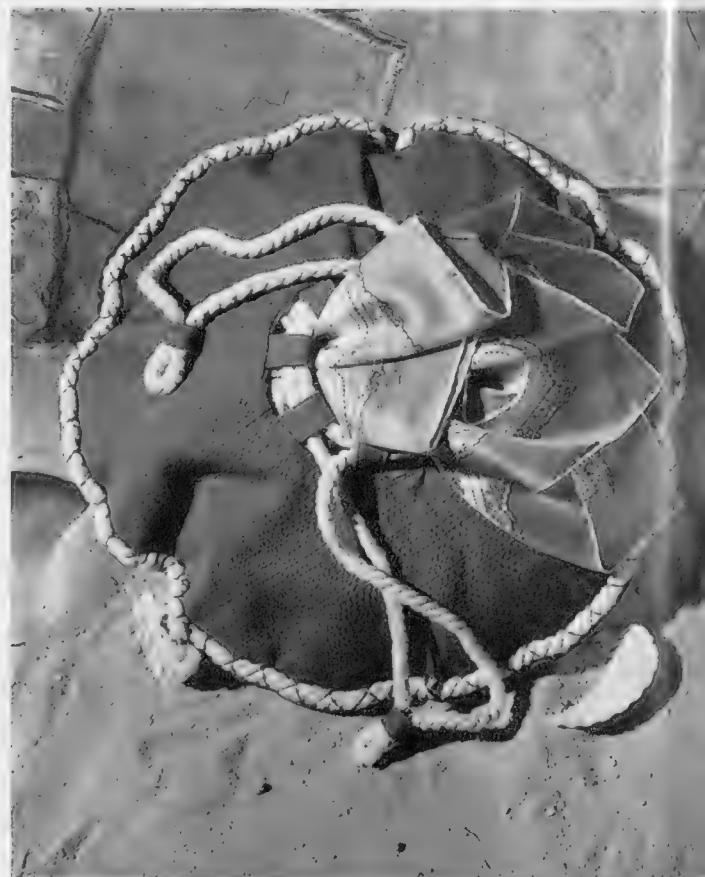


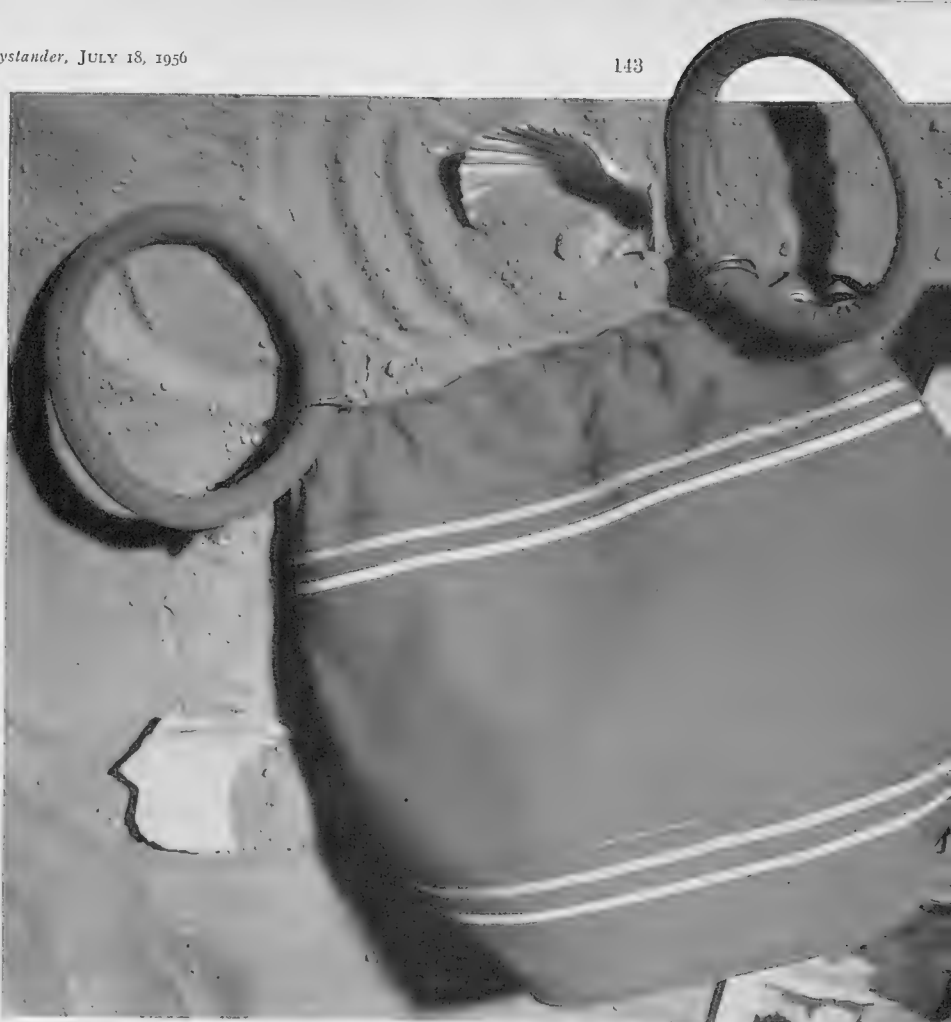
Rainbow colours by the seaside

USEFUL and decorative, and more colourful and unusual this season, the beach bag is a must for a holiday by the sea. In it can go all the odds and ends necessary for swimming and sun-bathing and it will add a bright touch to a summer outfit

—JEAN CLELAND

An unusual, round, flat bag in royal blue with a waterproof lining. It costs £4 15s. 6d. From Woollands





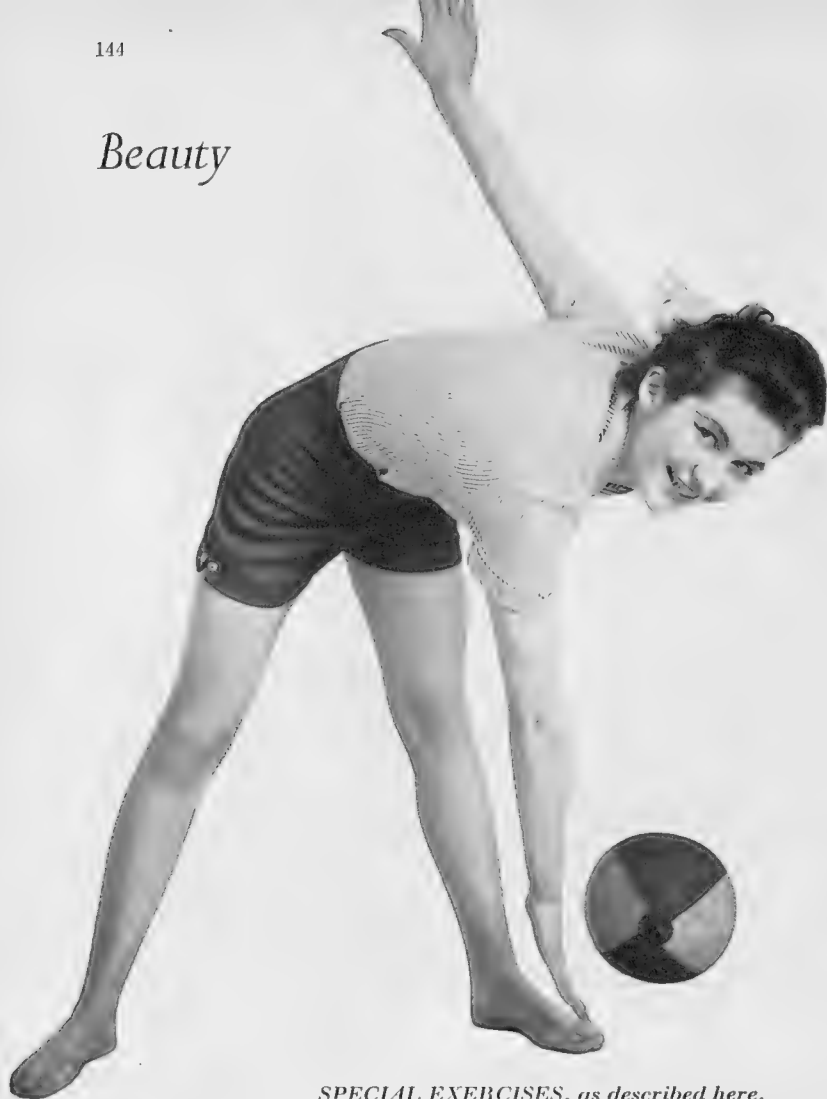
Above: A beach bag that is both strong and colourful for carrying bathing dresses and towels. It costs £1 9s. 6d. and is obtainable at Debenham and Freebody

Top right: A green beach bag, trimmed with braid, with large rubber covered rings for handles. Also in other colours. Price £3 18s. 6d. from Woollands

Right: In a variety of colours, trimmed with wooden beads, a beach bag with a water-proof lining. Price £4 14s. 6d., and obtainable at Woollands



Beauty



SPECIAL EXERCISES, as described here, will do much to erase those superfluous fractions of an inch which blur the contours. Summer is a particularly good time of year in which to start them



Keeping a tidy figure

IF there is anything more depressing than trying on swim suits," said a plumpish friend who had brought some home on approval, "I have yet to know of it. They are so revealing."

Too true, too true. But take heart. If, during the winter, you have put on extra weight, and added unwanted inches and a few rolls and bulges to your figure, you can prepare to shed them now. This is the best possible time of year to slim safely and simply. In case you are in any doubt about it, I will set forth a few good sound reasons as to why it is true.

First, because it is so much easier to diet in the hot weather than when it is cold. You can do with less fats, and cut down on such cold-resisting foods as sugar and starches. Fresh fruit can take the place of sweets and savouries. Green salads, with the addition of such things as shrimps or prawns, or hard boiled eggs, provide a satisfying and non-fattening main course. Hot thick soups can be replaced with iced consommé. Fried foods, hot gravies and rich sauces can all be dispensed with for the time being. You can even, once a week on a hot day, do without food altogether, and subsist on long cool fruit drinks.

If this change in diet is adhered to, even for a short time, it will add up to a "tidy figure!"

SECONDLY, you can enjoy a cold shower after a hot bath, and a brisk all-over rub with a rough loofah, to bring up the circulation and disperse the fatty deposits, and can partake of healthy exercise in the way of outdoor activities such as tennis, swimming, long country walks, and cycling.

Also when the sun is shining, and it's "Oh, such a beautiful morning," it is not difficult to get out of bed a little earlier, to do some of the specialized exercises designed for slimming different parts of the body. If, as is so often the case, your particular problem is a slight thickening round the waist, and across the diaphragm, don't forget that by far the most effective movements for dealing with the odd roll and the tiresome tyre, are those which combine bending and twisting. If you dislike doing these sort of exercises on your own, you can do them with the family or a group of friends, a procedure which turns them into a kind of game.

HERE are some play-time exercises which you can try out on holiday, or even at home before you go away, if you can get anyone to do them with you. I first saw them done some years ago in the South of France, where, at our gay little resort, they quickly became enormously popular. In the first one stand erect with the legs apart. Hold a ball above the head, then bend down and throw it between the legs to the next person, who catches it, and in her turn throws it back in the same way, or on to someone else, if there are more players.

Next, stand with the feet together. Raise the right leg as high as possible, keeping the knee straight. Bend to the right, throw the ball underneath the leg to the next player, who catches it, and throws it on in the same way. Next time, throw the ball under the left leg. Finally, hold the ball above the head. Sweep down to the right, and brush the floor with the ball as you come up on the left. When the full circle has been described, and you are erect again, throw the ball to the next person, who does the same thing before throwing the ball on again.

Now for a dual exercise, from which I have seen very good slimming results.

A and B sit facing each other with legs stretched wide apart, toes touching, and arms outstretched in front, holding each other's hands. A bends forward allowing B to lie prone. B then rises to sitting position, bending right forward as A lies prone. Knees must be kept stiff and legs outstretched throughout. The exercise should be done rhythmically, with a see-saw movement, one figure coming forward as the other goes back, and vice-versa, for a dozen times.

—Jean Cleland

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Yevande

Miss Prudence Richardson, daughter of Mr. Justin Richardson, O.B.E., and Mrs. Richardson, of Kingsbarn, Headley, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Roger Spielman, son of Mr. Claude Spielman, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Spielman, of Sheldon Avenue, N.6, formerly of Hurworth Grange Croft, Darlington, Co. Durham



Vandyk

Miss Mary Jane Thatcher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Thatcher, of Over Worton, Middle Barton, Oxfordshire, has become engaged to Mr. Beresford Norman (Bobby) Gibbs, only son of the late Canon Jack Gibbs, M.C., and of Mrs. Gibbs, of Didmarton House, Badminton, Gloucestershire



Lenare

Miss Ann Maureen Ryder Runton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ryder Runton, of Wheatley Chase, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Martin Edward Acland, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Acland, of Standon Green End, Ware, Hertfordshire

Miss Elizabeth Anne Traill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Traill, of Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.8, is engaged to Mr. Ian Strickland Ball, son of the late Cdr. W. H. S. Ball, R.N., and of Mrs. E. E. Blackstone, of Brockhurst, Crowthorne, Berkshire



Pearl Freeman



Harlip

Miss Edwina Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bartlett, of Byways, Englefield Green, Surrey, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Esmond Dunn Boldero, The Life Guards, son of Sir Harold Boldero, D.M., of Hill Street, London, W.1, and of the late Lady Boldero

Miss Mary Fly, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fly, of Hurstdene Avenue, Hayes, Kent, is engaged to be married to the Hon. Fraser Richards, who is the elder son of Lord and Lady Milverton, of The Lodge, Cox Green, Berkshire



Vandyk



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 18,
1956
146*

Hannay—French. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Capt. Gordon Hannay, son of the late Major W. A. Hannay, A.F.C., and of Mrs. Vera Cottrill, of Cavendish Court, London, W.1, and Miss Angela French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence French, of Earl Stonham House, Suffolk

Rayner



Waltho—Crathorne. Mr. G. Waltho, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Waltho, of Dungoyne, Codsall Road, Tettenhall, Staffordshire, was married to Miss Muriel Crathorne, daughter of Mrs. Crathorne of Churt, Surrey, and of the late Rev. J. T. Crathorne, at St. John the Evangelist's Church, Churt



Raben-Levetzau—Crichton. Baron Michael Paul Raben-Levetzau, younger son of Count and Countess Raben-Levetzau of Denmark, and Eaton Square, S.W.1, married Lady Rosanagh Mary Crichton, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Erne and of Lady Davina Woodhouse, of Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, Co. Fermanagh, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

THEY WERE MARRIED



Eric Ager

Jessel—Waters. Mr. Charles John Jessel, son of Sir George Jessel and of the late Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent, was married to Miss Shirley Cornelia Waters, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Waters, of Billing Road, Northampton, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Greens Norton, near Towcester, Northamptonshire



Tetley—O'Neill. The wedding took place at Windlesham Parish Church, Surrey, of Lt. Jeremy Tetley, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. Geoffrey Tetley and of Mrs. Tetley of Truro Vean, Truro, Cornwall, and Miss Maureen O'Neill, youngest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Niel O'Neill, of Wood Hall, Sunningdale, Berks



Cadbury—Skepper. The marriage took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, of Mr. George Adrian Hayhurst Cadbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cadbury, of The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham, and Miss Gillian Mary Skepper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Skepper, of 11 bis, avenue de Madrid, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France



JUNE HAVOC, outstanding vaudeville and film actress, will be appearing in cabaret at the Cafe de Paris towards the end of this month. When she was three years old, Miss Havoc danced with Pavlova

Gramophone Notes

STEADYING THAT BOAT

DESPITE the incessant plugging of the "top twenty" tunes and recordings of these tunes which (let's face it) are as ephemeral as their creators, there are still some new recordings that are entirely acceptable to an adult public.

I gather that the current American craze for "rock an' roll" is now regarded on the other side of the Atlantic as an outward and visible sign of delinquency, not always juvenile at that!

With some practically negligible exceptions "rockin' an' rollin'" hasn't to date urged the British any further in that direction, and I feel absolutely justified in commending one Roy Hall, with his own version of his own song "Don't Stop Now." Mr. Hall has a style and sense of rhythm that demands attention; the instrumental accompaniment to this number is entirely in keeping with it. With this he offers "See You Later, Alligator," which is already fading away, and indeed has been given better presentation on other records. (Brunswick 05531.)

If you saw the film *The Phenix Story*, you may have noticed a girl, Meg Myles, who appeared for a brief three minutes on the screen but the impact she created was such as to lead to better things. On her first record release Meg Myles, with Buddy Bregman accompaniments, offers "Will You Shed A Tear For Me" and "Sing On, Baby." She should make a big name for herself amongst those who appreciate style and individuality. (Capitol CL 14555.)

I listened to Shirley Bassey's record debut with interest and came to the conclusion that it isn't her fault that she has made a false start. She sings "Burn My Candle" and "Stormy Weather," the former a point number, the latter a classic of its kind. There is no doubt that Miss Bassey has something to offer, but she and her advisers would do well to note that when putting over a point number it is essential to be able to hear the lyric distinctly, and when presenting any number, good diction is elementary; period! Miss Bassey's "Stormy Weather" is as contrived as Ethel Waters's rendering was superlative. Perhaps before we hear Shirley Bassey again, she and her entrepreneur will have learnt that competent production on records is as vital as it is for any personal appearance. (Phillips PB 558.)

LIKE Meg Myles, I believe Maxine Daniels is a name to remember. To date Miss Daniels hasn't been handed even the semblance of as good material as Miss Bassey, but her interpretation of both "Our Love Affair" and "Play Me Some Music For Crying" show that handled with care she can make a permanent niche for herself among the top ranking recording artists. (Oriole CB 1318.)

"Stompin' At The Savoy," and "One O'Clock Jump" are given stylish treatment by the admirable Tony Kinsey Quartet with Dill Jones (Decca F 10709), and for those aware of the importance to jazz of the contemporary scene I commend the music of Thad Jones. With the Billy Mitchell Quintet, Thaddeus Joseph Jones, the most important trumpet player to make his mark in recent years, presents "Compulsory," "Blue Room," "The Zec" and "Alone Together." These are the first Thad Jones solos ever to be recorded, and offer perfect examples of his imagination, tone and ability to swing.

In "Alone Together" he shows just how a modern jazz trumpeter weaves his way through a beautifully melodic piece of music, and how subtly sensitive his approach can be. (London EZ.C. 19009.)

—Robert Tredinnick

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Helena Rubinstein

Motoring

THE PRISONERS FREED

ALTHOUGH there are many important events yet to come, I suppose that, with Rheims, the Alpine and the British Grand Prix behind us, we may feel that the peak of the season of motor sport is passed. That means that the intensive Continental touring season is beginning. I put through a series of telephone calls to the car ferry operators, sea and air, and they told me that they expect this year to set new carrying records. Spring and early summer results gave unmistakable signs of the present trend.

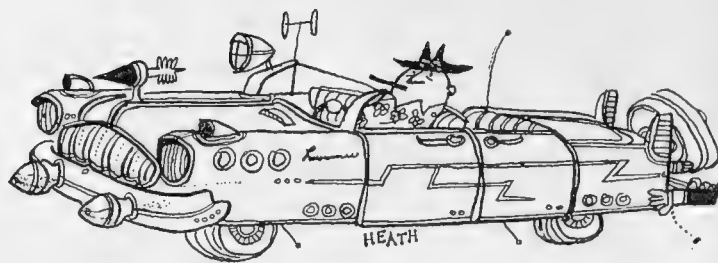
This is all to the good. To enjoy motoring, a crossing of the Channel is obligatory. The sole exception is Scotland, where it remains possible even today to find splendid touring grounds, clear of "indivisible loads" and hideous advertisements of soft drinks. But although Scotland offers magnificent scenery and clear roads, it does not offer the sophisticated pleasures. Therefore for the whole works, the scenery and the sophistication, France is and will continue to be the place.

Above all these things it must be remembered that the French do not look upon motorists as anti-social beings, which is the attitude of mind the politicians are fast creating in this country.

HERE the motor coach and the bus blunder along roads which are much too narrow for them, in an aura of self-righteousness; whereas private motorists are objects of execration and of almost ceaseless legislation.

For most of the year we must put up with these things, perhaps, but when the opportunity does occur to go touring abroad we should take it.

Reactions to the tragic accident at Rheims, which depleted one of the all-women teams for the Alpine, are not yet clear. Some of the French papers are showing the kind of anxiety that they exhibited soon after the Le Mans disaster, and are suggesting yet more stringent safety rules for road racing; but in general it



seems that the difference between the case of the spectator and of the competitor is recognized.

Those who enter races, whether men or women, know that they are taking risks and it would not be possible to hold races at all if the risks were not there. The dividing up of classes in the sports car events—as at Rheims—should reduce them sufficiently. I do not think, therefore, that there will be any general demand for the further regulation of road racing on the Continent. Spectator protection is the thing that matters; and that seems to be effective.

It is undeniable, however, that the death or injury of a woman competitor in any motoring event tends to inflame public opinion against the sport. It is a natural reaction, but it should not be allowed to exert too much influence upon governments or upon organizers.



THE main buying seasons for motor-cars are clearly defined. But the recent difficulties faced by some of our leading manufacturers may affect them. It would not be surprising to see used car values going up somewhat towards the end of the year.

Those who think of turning to this market would do well to look up the R.A.C.'s advice.

I will quote one or two items from it. The engine of a used car that is in good condition should "start readily and operate quietly. . . . A deep knock or rumble especially when the engine is speeded up may indicate worn main bearings. A light metallic tap may indicate worn little end bearings, piston slap or excessive tappet clearances. . . . It is better to listen to the engine after it has attained its normal operating temperature."

That is sound advice; and so is this: "Uneven wear of the front wheel tyre treads will usually give a reliable guide as to whether or not the wheel alignment is about correct. There should be no appreciable shake in the wheels or kingpins. The steering joints should also be free from abnormal slackness. Knocks when the steering wheel is turned sharply while the car is stationary indicate worn joints."

BUT the real trouble for the ordinary person when buying a used car is the difficulty of making some of the essential tests. For instance to obtain any idea of the state of the transmission the rear wheels must be jacked up and the wheels must be rocked with top gear engaged. Not many people are ready to go to lengths of that kind when they are making a purchase. They hesitate to do so for the usual reason that they do not like to put the seller to a great deal of trouble and then to turn down the car.

For these and hosts of other reasons the used car guarantee is a boon. Alternatively the best course is to send someone else to make the appropriate tests so that it is understood from the beginning that all that is being done is to prepare a report on the car's condition.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the merits of a specialized driving test at a higher standard than that normally required for the obtaining of a licence. A friend of mine has been writing vigorously in one of the evening papers opposing this test and arguing that it should have no official backing. His view is that it would tend towards the establishment of privilege among drivers. And I confess that the reasoning seems to me sound.

The ordinary test should determine whether a driver is a safe driver or not. There is no need to find out any more. There is no point in establishing officially any gradations in driving skill. So if these higher tests are used, let them be kept independent of the official driving tests.

—*Oliver Stewart*



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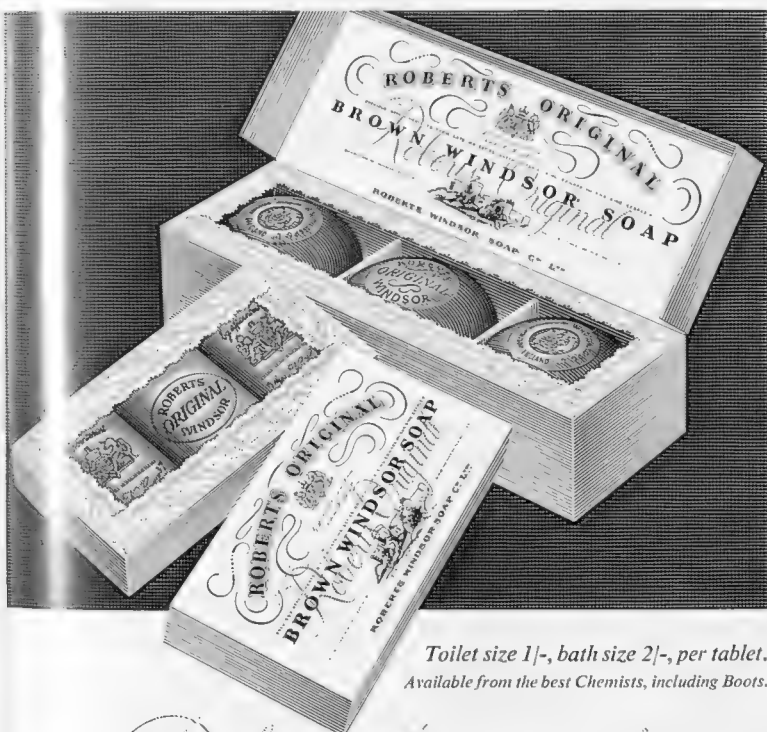
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MISS YVONNE ARNAUD talks to Sir Alan Herbert, who had just opened the Café Royal Literary Prizes Exhibition, arranged in collaboration with the National Book League, at the famous Regent Street restaurant. The subject of this well-arranged Exhibition was "London After Dark, 1866 to 1956"

DINING OUT

Fringe activities

RUMOURS had reached me that the cuisine at the Myllet Arms on Western Avenue at Greenford bore a remarkable similarity to many of the first-class restaurants in the West End. The next time I was down that way I stopped, and starting off again at the cocktail bar found it manned by G. H. Cook, a very expert dispenser of drinks whom I had known at the Queen's Hydro at Blackpool when he was winning international cocktail awards.

I then discovered that the reason for the smart restaurant which I had seen when I came in, the growing reputation of the cuisine, and the general atmosphere of the place, was due to the fact that the Myllet Arms has been taken over and is being directed in person by E. H. Bonesi, who for twenty-three years was general manager of the Berkeley in Piccadilly.

He came down and joined me in the bar and it was not long before we were discussing the extensive plans he has for putting the Myllet Arms on the map in a big way, and the many alterations which he had already made.

HE had, of course, built up a tremendous connection during the years he was at the Berkeley, of which Temple Fielding, the American traveller in his *Guide To Europe, 1956-57*, writes: "This venerable, fashionable landmark is the London 'pub' of the hunting, shooting and fishing set of rural Britain" and goes on to remind his readers that it is pronounced "Barkley."

It was nice to hear from Mr. Bonesi that the huntin', shootin' and fishin' set of rural Britain have not forgotten him either, and that an ever-increasing number of well-known and high-titled persons are making a habit of stopping for lunch or dinner on the way up or down to London, and even arranging parties. Quite apart from this there is big potential custom among the high-powered executives and directors of the many firms with large factories in the area.

Four French chefs are employed and the choice on the *la carte* menu is immense. It is, of course, fairly expensive, but there is no alternative if you are going to provide quality and service of the first order, as Mr. Bonesi does.

ANOTHER hotelier who has been on the move and suddenly decided to travel from Norfolk to the South Coast is Dennis Greenwood, who has taken over the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone after successfully running the Castle Hotel at Norwich for two and a half years, where he went after four years at the May Fair Hotel in London. The Castle was a high pressure job all the year round, and it will be interesting to see what he and Mrs. Greenwood think of the off-season at a seaside resort.

The coincidence of a French horse winning the Derby and the installation of a French barman in charge of his cocktail bar undoubtedly called for the sale of the wines of France on draught in this bar forthwith, and this has been done; the barman proclaiming in his best English that the three glories of France at the present moment are their wine, their women and their horses. A statement which no right-thinking man will be disposed to challenge.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Ways with lobster

LOBSTER at home, now and again, is an enormous boost to one's ego—a kind of highlight well worth the out-of-routine cooking it involves. So many authentic recipes insist on starting with a live lobster and, however enthusiastic a cook may be, it is very difficult to kill such a large animal. We may not worry overmuch about steaming mussels to open their shells, nor do we object to eating what must still be live oysters, but they are inert and a lobster is very much alive, or should be, when we start with an uncooked one.

Forgive me for reporting once again on Escoffier. There is no one quite like him. His *Guide To Modern Cookery* is my greatest stand-by, but one must have considerable knowledge before using such a book because it was not written for the housewife but for chefs, to whom the author could not very well give primary lessons in cookery. But, strangely enough, in a great many recipes he gives just the "touch" that even a knowledgeable cook could do with.

As usual, as I am writing about lobsters, I have turned up my beloved Escoffier to see what he has to say of them. Grilled lobster, for instance:

"For this purpose, the lobster may be taken raw, but it is better, first, to have it three-quarters cooked in *court bouillon*. Now split it into two, lengthwise; sprinkle it with melted butter, and set it on (under) the grill for its cooking to be completed. Treated thus, the meat of the lobster does not harden as when it is grilled raw. Dish the grilled lobster on a napkin or on a drainer, after having broken the shell of the claws in order to facilitate the withdrawal of the meat and surround with curled-leaf parsley."

THIS brings me back to those who cannot kill a lobster. If your fishmonger is nearby, he could well wrap up a three-parts boiled lobster and deliver it while it is still warm, but, even if it is cold when delivered it would not come to any harm, although it would not be so good as it would be if not allowed to cool.

Perhaps the best way to kill a lobster is to plunge it, head foremost into boiling water, but some authorities claim that the more humane method is to place it in cold water and slowly bring it to the boil. My own fishmonger takes the view that the latter method is in every way much the less satisfactory. Certainly, it does not produce such good lobster meat. The one way to overcome all criticism is to kill the lobster, before plunging it into boiling water, by cutting through the cross on the back to the brain. Twenty minutes in a mild *court bouillon* should be sufficient time for a 2-lb. lobster.



FOR grilled lobster, therefore, I suggest three-quarters cooking it whole, then halving it lengthwise and following the Escoffier method. Incidentally, the line that runs along the back of the lobster is an excellent one to follow when cutting it in two.

Lobster Mornay is one of the less exotic but very pleasant ways of serving it.

Cook a 2-lb. lobster for twenty minutes in *court bouillon*. Cut through and remove the pouch with its grit in the head, and the intestines. Crack the claws, lift out the meat and put it in the head end. Lift out the other meat and cut it diagonally into collops. Put a layer of Mornay Sauce in the shell, replace the lobster in it, cover with more Mornay Sauce and brown lightly under the grill. Use half Gruyère and half Parmesan cheese in the sauce.

If you like the flavour of mushrooms with cheese, thinly slice an ounce or two, gently cook in butter and a squeeze of lemon juice and place on the cheese sauce before adding the lobster collops.

IN the recipes for pea dishes last week I had to omit one of the tastiest for lack of space—*Petits Pois à la Bonne Femme*. So here it is. Melt a walnut of butter. Add 2 oz. diced unsmoked streaky bacon or streaky pickled pork and 8 to 10 small onions. Shake the pan to colour the meat and onions evenly. Work in a good teaspoon of flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint hot water and stir until a smooth sauce results. Taste and add salt and freshly-milled pepper as required. Turn into the pan 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints shelled peas and 2 to 3 sprays of parsley. Cover and cook slowly until the peas are ready.

There is an Italian version of this dish in which the peas and a chopped onion are gently cooked for a few minutes in a little dry fat salt pork and a little stock. Thin strips of ham are then added, the pot is covered and the cooking is gently continued until the peas are done.

—Helen Burke

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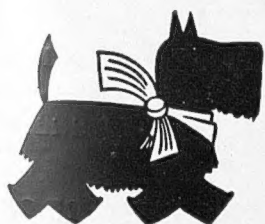
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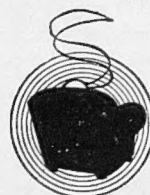


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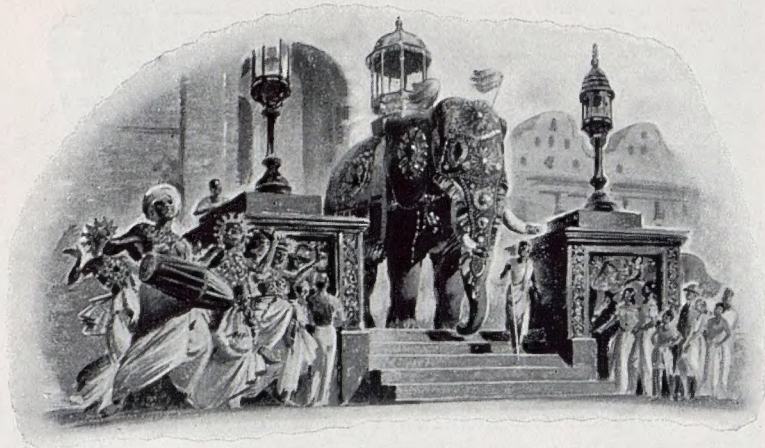


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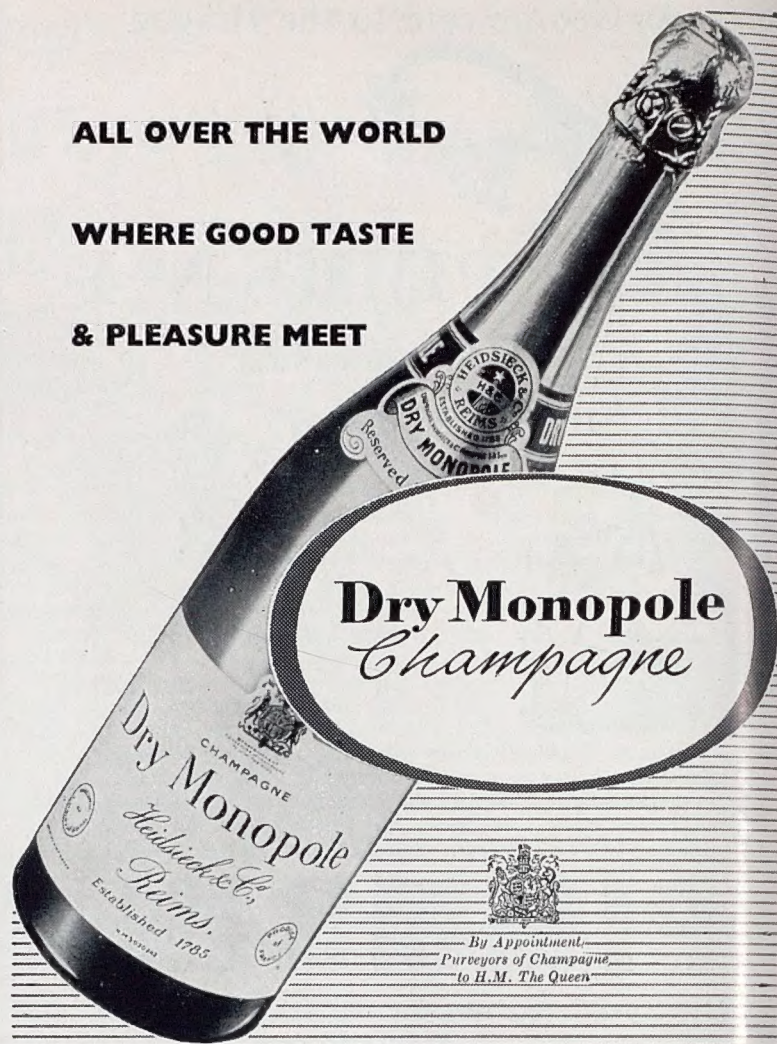
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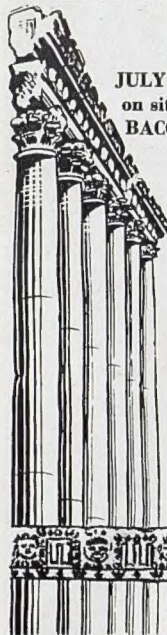


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(15 million francs in prizes)

International Regattas
Tennis Tournaments

NORMANDY
HOTEL DU GOLF
ROYAL

CASINO

Roulette • 30 et 40 • Baccara

10 GRAND GALAS at the
AMBASSADEURS

August

GRAND BALLET
de MARQUIS DE CEUVAS

2 GOLF COURSES

July 26 to 29. International Seniors Cup
Sept. 1 to 4. The Gold Cups

July • August • September

40 days of RACING ON TWO RACE COURSES

(150 million francs in prizes)

August 19. Prix Morny
August 26. Grand Prix de Deauville
August 28. Prix Georges Courtois
August 30. Prix de la Côte Normande

POLO

August 26. THE GOLD CUPS
(World Open Championships) 20 Goal Teams

SALE OF YEARLINGS in August

Chairman: François André

Statue or Hospital?

Both commemorate, only one serves. This year calls for special thought of Miss Nightingale and her Hospital, which is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Here as Lady Superintendent, she proved herself and her genius. Send in gratitude, a Gift to the Appeal Secretary, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1.



active in
peace...
as in
war...



Please help by legacy or donation. Write for leaflet "18 Vital Peacetime Activities"

The
BRITISH RED CROSS

Headquarters: Society
14 GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1



ROVER REVIEWED

JOHN EASON GIBSON, leading British motoring writer had this to say of the Rover in *Country Life* (1.3.56).

"The Rover is one of those cars to which one becomes more and more attached as the miles are covered . . . it combines, to an unusual extent, comfort, silence, performance and economy. Allied to these qualities is an outstanding impression of refinements, sadly lacking in so many modern cars. A stranger to the car would be surprised at finding out how high an average speed he was maintaining without having made any conscious effort to drive fast."

THE AUTOCAR (23.9.55), summed up Rover quality as follows :

"No other manufacturer in the price range could justly claim a higher standard of workmanship, of good taste or of mechanical refinement on the road."

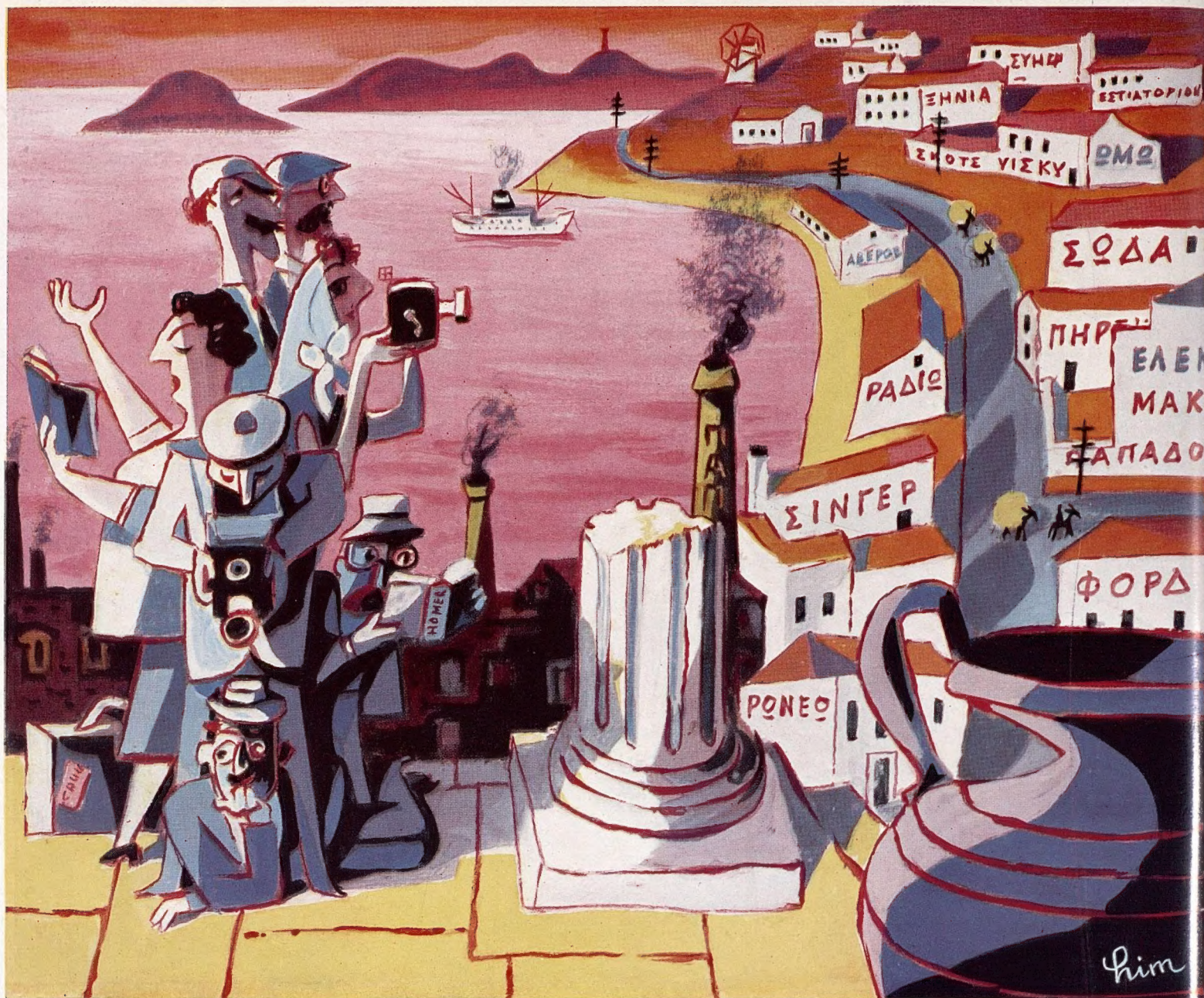


By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

ROVER

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

The range includes the famous 90, the 75 and the 2-litre 60



EUROPE in PERSchweptive

To see Greece in its true Perschweptive, we recommend our two, not ONE day tour. Enjoy the armchair comfort of your "Duxdown" seat as you relax in luxurious CLASSICAR, Day One, to Athens, with many distant glimpses of the ★azure sea (for wine-dark sea use opening f 4.5 and colour filter 6N). This will leave plenty of time for the ★★★ Parthenon. Note difference between Tympanum, Akroterion and the Celta (Σηχός) or sanctuary proper. [HIST: The sculptures, crowning glory of this ancient temple, are of course British, being the Elgin marbles.] In the Museum (H4 on map) is a picture of the ★Explosion when the Parthenon was blown up, owing to the Turks. At hours 1400 tourists are allowed to disperse and may go for a little walk by themselves (for "independent study" see brochure). At hours 1500



we walk along the street past the chemist's shop (περί χημίας) and hear actual Greek people actually talking actual Greek.

DAY TWO (Environs) includes a special half-day excursion to MARATHON (40 mins.: optional). On 1. (Leros) see ★Mound of earth (38½ ft. high, 198 ft. in circf, wt. approx. 18 tns. 12 lbs.) near which Ld. Byron took his viewpoint ("The isles of G., the isles of G." If moonlight effect preferred for "all, except: their sun is set", use Minifilm 8 and 1/50thatf32). For rest of tour, in this most glorious country, a "Glareprufe" lens hood is recommended for photographers, not only to avoid the full Mediterranean ★sun, but also to prevent the intrusion into the picture of the chance dirty factory, the inappropriate advertisement on the picturesque wall, and the occasional tremendously old goat.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

THEY MUST HAVE HAD A WORD FOR SCHWEPPERVESCENCE